THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. I. MAY, 1866. Vol. I.

EDUCATION.

The Latin poet has beautifully said that they who change their sky do not change their minds. The emigrant from his natal soil carries with him his old opinions, his old sentiments, and his old habits. In selecting a place for his residence in the land of his adoption, he seeks some hill or vale which resembles the spot on which stands the dear old homestead far away. The new edifice is made as near alike as may be to the paternal building. His garden, his vineyard, his orchard, his grounds are fashioned after the models so fondly cherished in his memory. His style of living, his modes of thought, his habits, his manners, his passions, and his prejudices will all be unchanged. The accents that first struck his childish ear will still be heard with delight, and most joyfully will he meet some countryman from that loved land, with whom he may converse in his sacred native tongue. And still more grateful will it be to him, to find a colony of his own people, where familiar tones will ever greet him, and where the worship and customs of his fathers will ever be preserved. And in fact it is just because men do not change their minds with their sky that these colonies so frequently dot the surface of this mighty Republic. To us there is something beautiful in this love for home and home associations, this clinging to the language, the religion, and the customs transmitted from generation to generation; and we never pass such a settlement from the Old World without the feeling that they who venerate the traditions of the past will respect the laws of the present, and that they whose hearts go out toward those of their own blood and tongue are the better prepared thereby to exercise benevolence toward all mankind. He who does not love his own family better than the whole of the rest of the world, who does not love his own land better than all the countries on earth, is so far from being a Christian and patriot, that he is a *monster* utterly unworthy of trust and confidence. The Apostle Paul pronounces him to be worse than an infidel. So strong was sectional love in the great apostle himself that he could wish himself accursed from Christ for the sake of his brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh. Moses, the heaven-appointed leader of Israel, who talked with God face to face, as a man talketh with his friend, went even beyond Paul in his devotion to his people, and did actually offer the request which Paul expressed his willingness to offer;

"Yet now if thou wilt forgive their sin; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book, which thou hast written."

Among the sweet psalms of David, the man after God's own heart, and constituting a part of the sacred canon of Scripture, is the touching lament of the captive at Babylon as the representative of the true-hearted Israelite, invoking a fearful curse upon himself if ever found wanting in love to his native land. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth: if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Jeremiah, the holy prophet who was sanctified ere he was born, represents himself as weeping day and night for the miseries of his people. Nehemiah, while a member of the household of the King of Babylon, and occupying toward him the confidential relation of cup-bearer, had no relish for the enjoyments of that most luxurious city, when he heard the sad news from his native land. So profound was his grief that the imperious monarch noticed it, and was offended. "Wherefore, the king said unto me, why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick? this is nothing else but sorrow of heart. Then I was very sore afraid, and said unto the king, Let the king live forever: why should not my countenance be sad when the city, the place of my fathers' sepulchres lieth waste, and the gates thereof are consumed by fire?"

With all these holy men of old, love to their own nation was a part of their religion, nor did they understand that modern philanthropy, which consists in going to the uttermost parts of the earth to seek objects of its beneficence, while squalor, ignorance, sin, and misery are all around it at home. One of this school, whose name is a household word throughout the civilized world, visited every abode of wretchedness in Europe, but left his own son to become a maniac through neglect and cruelty. On the contrary, our Saviour spent his energies and his activities in Judea and Galilee. His life of labor, privation, and suffering passed away among his own people. His last instructions to his disciples were to begin their ministry at Jerusalem, the capital of his native country. His example hallows the sweet charities which begin at home, and sheds a fragrance around that holy feeling which burns in the bosom of the patriot for the land we love.

But we of the South, however much we may revere our ancestors and their time-honored usages, and though the same sky be over our heads which looked down upon theirs, must yet of necessity change our minds upon many subjects, else our very name and nation will be taken away. Our system of labor has been abolished, our currency destroyed, and our whole social organization has been overturned. Thousands of elegant mansions, the princely seats of luxury and refinement, where a magnificent hospitality was dispensed with a lowly hand, are now but heaps of rubbish and ashes. Thousands of acres, which once groaned under the weight of the golden harvest, are now waste and desolate places—the habitation, it may be, of reptiles and wild beasts. Hundreds of the sanctuaries of the Most High, where men were wont to go up to take sweet counsel together, are now marked by blackened walls or piles of ruins. "Our holy and beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire; and all our pleasant things are laid waste. . . . The new wine mourneth, the vine languisheth, all the merry-hearted do sigh. The mirth of tabrets ceaseth, the noise of them that rejoice endeth, the joy of the harp ceaseth. Our country is desolate, our cities are burned with fire; and the daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city." A change has come over us mightier far than that made by the

poor emigrant, who changes his sky, and we *must* make our minds correspond to the new state of things. First of all, we must make a total radical change in our system of education. We must abandon the æsthetic and the ornamental for the practical and the useful. We need practical farmers, miners, machinists, engineers, manufacturers, navigators, blacksmiths, carpenters, etc., etc., to develop the immense resources of our country, which war has not been able to destroy. Agriculture must be studied as a science, with all its coördinate branches—chemistry, geology, mineralogy, meteorology. Mining must next claim our attention, as our country is rich in iron, copper, gold, lead, zinc, manganese, lime, gypsum, salt, marble, etc., etc. These two (farming and mining) must chiefly for a while occupy the time and the energies of our people. In these the great bulk of our inland population will seek employment and subsistence. To labor successfully they must labor intelligently, and this can only be accomplished by educational training for the work. Next, in order to labor economically and profitably, we must have our engines, our tools, our implements of every description made upon our own soil; and this again requires skillful and well-instructed machinists. We must have our own foundries and workshops, and in them no ignorant and bungling workmen must be found. The buildings needed, that they may have the requisite suitableness and adaptability to the end in view, must be planned by one who has made architecture his study, and must be erected by those familiar with carpentry as an art.

Nature has lavished upon us her most munificent bounties, and has invited us by her voice from a thousand water-falls to turn our attention to manufacturing. Steam-power can not compete with water-power, on account of the superior cheapness of the latter, and our rivers and lesser streams have unsurpassed and unsurpassable sites for mills and factories of every kind. The James, the Tennessee, the Yadkin, Cape Fear, Catawba, Chattahoochee and hundreds of others have as great advantages in these respects as any water-courses in the world. While, too, our streams can be used throughout the entire year, those of the North are locked up with ice for months. Spite of this immense drawback, and the additional impediment of having to transport the raw material from one to two thousand miles, the persistent, pertinacious, persevering energy of the North has erected a hundred cotton factories where we have but one. The fruitfulness of our soil should, and ordinarily does, render food cheap and abundant. The mildness of our climate, too, saves the Southern operative one half at least of the expense which his Northern competitor has to incur for fuel and woollens. With the fourfold advantage of streams always open, of the raw material at our doors, of abundance of food, and of smaller expenditures in living, we ought to excel the North in this branch of industry; and we will be utterly inexcusable, if we do not. The wool of Ohio, New-York, Vermont, and New-Hampshire ought rather to be sent here to be worked up than the cotton of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi to be sent there. The facilities for manufacturing are all in our favor; and it is owing to our own inattention and neglect that we are so immeasurably behind. This inattention is owing to three principal causes: 1st. It was thought to be, and probably, under the old system, was, more profitable to produce nothing but the great staples of the South, and to supply all our wants from abroad. 2d. On the great plantations of the South labor was in excess, and hence our thoughts were not turned toward those labor-saving and labor-performing machines, which economize and multiply human effort. The use of machinery and the study of the mechanic arts were, as a natural con-

sequence, ignored and unheeded. 3d. The general prosperity of the South exempted a large class, and that the most intelligent, from the necessity of personal exertion to gain a subsistence. Hence, the ingenuity in mechanical contrivance which want engenders was not developed among our people. The privileged class, not having to turn their thoughts into the thousand avenues by which wealth is sought and gained, did not learn to prize it as a chief good. Ambition, which is natural to all mankind, not being directed in them to the acquisition of riches, found a more congenial arena for its exercise in the contest for political power. Hence those branches of learning which were calculated to fit the student for successful championship on the hustings and in the forum, were assiduously cultivated, to the almost total neglect of all others. The dead languages, the English classics, political economy, rhetoric, elocution, law, etc., engrossed the time and the energies of the Southern youth. Probably no people on the globe ever prized so highly a knowledge of the ancient classics as did the planters of the Southern Atlantic States of the old thirteen. In their estimation, not to possess this knowledge was not merely proof of want of scholarship—it was an absolute demonstration of the want of gentlemanly breeding. The influence of such opinions upon the colleges of the South will be seen by a glance at the *curriculum* of any one of them. Science is thrust completely into the background, and mathematics, the essential pre-requisite to its mastery, is treated with a neglect amounting almost to contempt. Herschel said of the Calculus, that Newton had invented a new language, in which men of science could think. This difficult study is disposed of in at least three of our Southern universities, in a few lectures. Is this a less sham upon the public than the quack advertisement of "French taught in three lessons"? But it would be unjust to these colleges to hold them responsible for their low order of mathematical instruction. The great law of demand and supply is applicable to them as to every thing else. The Indian preacher, when told that his salary of twenty-five dollars a year was "confounded poor pay," replied, "Confounded poor preach." When the demand is for an inferior article, of course the inferior article is furnished. The attention of the writer of this was first called to the difference between the training North and South, when he went to a Northern institution to receive his own education. The young men from the former section were well drilled in arithmetic and the rudiments of algebra and geometry; but knew little of Latin or Greek. It was precisely the reverse with the young men from the latter section. And this difference in the two systems of education is owing to the fact, as we will see, that the North sought wealth and the South political preëminence as the chief end of human exertion. The celebrated Dr. Channing, of Boston, has given this eloquent analysis of the characteristics of the two sections:

"The South has within itself elements of political power more efficient than ours. *The South has abler politicians, and almost necessarily, because its most opulent class make politics the business of life.* . . . . At the North, politics occupy a second place in men's minds. Even in what we call seasons of public excitement the people think more of private business than of public affairs. We think more of property than of political power; this indeed is the natural result of free institutions. Under these, political power is not suffered to accumulate in a few hands, but is distributed in minute portions; and even when thus limited it is not permitted to endure, but passes in quick rotation from man to man. Of consequence, it is an inferior good to property. Every wise man among us looks on property as a more sure and lasting possession to himself and family, as conferring more ability to do good, to gratify generous and refined tastes, than the possession of political power. In the South, an unnatural state of things turns

men's thoughts to political ascendency. But in the free States men think little of it. *Property is the good for which they toil perseveringly day and night. Even the political partisan among us has an eye to property, and seeks office as the best, perhaps only way of subsistence.*"—*Channing's Duty of the Free States*, Part ii. pp. 71, 72.

The italics in the foregoing extract are our own. If this publication were a recent one, and the author did not hail from a State preëminently union and hostile to rebels, we would be disposed to accuse him of downright disloyalty. The broad assertion that the people of the Free States toil perseveringly for property day and night as the chief good, and that their public men seek office as the best, perhaps only way of subsistence, seems to savor of treason and rebellion. Nor do we believe that he clearly perceived the cause of the distinction which certainly did exist between the two sections. The simple reason is this: "The unnatural state of things" spoken of by the writer, that is, the system of slavery, produced a privileged class at the South, relieved of the necessity of scrambling for a livelihood. It surrounded these favored persons with all that heart could desire of comfort and elegance, and permitted them to turn their ambitious aims toward political power. They looked forward to the time when they would take their places in the councils of the nation, with almost as much confidence as did the nobility of England to the time when they would take their seats in Parliament. The mental culture and the educational training of both Southerner and Englishman were to fit them for the position of honor and usefulness. There being no servile race at the North, the struggle for property became more general there than with us; and to achieve superior success in obtaining it became naturally the object of ambition. Not one in a hundred of those who wearily labored day and night to acquire riches was actuated by those benevolent aims which the writer so eloquently describes. The successful man of business, on his entrance into life, found himself surrounded by a multitude, pushing, hurrying, and scrambling for money as a means of subsistence. The natural desire for preëminence prompted him to attempt to excel in the pursuits in which all were engaged. His superior tact, energy, and address placed him at length in the front rank. Had he been born on a rice or cotton plantation with the same talents and ambition, he would have sought distinction in public life, just because his equals in society were elevated above the necessity of a struggle for a maintenance; and therefore in political triumphs alone could his love of superiority find its exercise. This seems to us the natural solution of the whole matter. But however this may be, Dr. Channing was unquestionably right in this, that the statesmen of the country have belonged chiefly to the South. Upon them have been lavished chiefly the highest honors of the Republic. Since the first meeting of Congress under the Constitution in the city of New-York, on the 4th of March, 1789, there have been seventeen Presidents of the United States, including the three Vice-Presidents, Tyler, Fillmore, and Johnson, who succeeded to office upon the deaths of their respective chiefs. Of these seventeen, eleven have been of Southern birth, namely, Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Lincoln, and Johnson. A single Southern State, Virginia, has been the birthplace of seven of them—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, and Taylor. Of the six Northern Presidents, J. Q. Adams was not the choice of the people; the election was thrown into the House of Representatives, and he was chosen by a coalition of parties. Mr. Fillmore became President upon the death of General Taylor. So that in fact only four men of Northern birth, John Adams, Van Buren, Pierce, and Buchanan, were elected

by the people. And Mr. Van Buren was made President, it is well known, through the influence of his predecessor, a Southern man; and he, too, was supported as the "Northern man with Southern principles." On the other hand, excluding Messrs. Tyler and Johnson, nine of our Presidents have been elected by the free votes of the American people. Moreover, during fifty-four years of the seventy-seven of national existence, a Southern-born man has held the helm of government. *More than two thirds of the life of the nation has been spent under the administrations of Southern men.* (See Sumner on the Barbarism of Slavery.) Again, so emphatically have all sections of this mighty Republic indorsed the executive acts and foreign and domestic policy of the Southern Presidents, that every one of them who has permitted himself to be a candidate a second time for office, has been re-elected, while not a single President of Northern birth has served two terms. Washington was reëlected; Jefferson was reëlected; Madison was reëlected; Monroe was reëlected; Jackson was reëlected; Lincoln was reëlected. Of the other five Southern Presidents, two, Harrison and Taylor, died during their incumbency; two, Tyler and Polk, were not candidates for reëlection, and Mr. Johnson is still President. Mr. Tyler was personally unpopular, and certainly could not have been reëlected; but his general policy was indorsed by the people, as shown by the election of his successor, who, like himself, was an annexationist and an anti-tariff man. Messrs. Harrison and Taylor died in the full glow of their popularity. *The constituents of the Southern Presidents have shown an approbation of their policy never before accorded in history by subjects to a line of sovereigns.* (See Sumner on the Barbarism of Slavery.) Let us look next at the verdict of the people upon the administrations of the Presidents of Northern birth. This has been adverse in every single instance except one, as shown not merely by the declination to reëlect them, but also by repudiating their policy, and selecting as their successors men whose political opinions were just the opposite of their own. Washington left as his successor a man who differed with him so little upon the great questions of the day, as not to deem it necessary to supersede Washington's cabinet by one of his own. An example, by the way, of magnanimity as rare as it is beautiful. But John Adams, a Federalist, was himself succeeded by Thomas Jefferson, a Republican. John Quincy Adams, a Whig, was succeeded by Andrew Jackson, a Democrat. Van Buren, a Democrat, was beaten for reëlection by Harrison, a Whig, and the vote by which he was rejected indicated, on the part of the American people, almost a contemptuous disrespect of his administration. Their pronouncement was still more decisive when this "Northern man with Southern principles" came out once more as a candidate for reëlection, and the chosen champion of Abolitionism. And lastly, Buchanan, a Democrat, was succeeded by Lincoln, a Republican. Of all the Presidents of Northern birth, Franklin Pierce alone has had as his successor a man of his own school of politics. His great purity and integrity of character won, not merely for himself, but for his party, the confidence of his countrymen. We admired him in Mexico for the kindness and courtesy with which he treated the officers of the old army over whose heads he, a civilian, had been placed. We admired him for resigning, and telling the President frankly that the preference given to civilians over veteran and meritorious officers was a cruel injustice. We admired him for the ability and impartiality with which he presided over the destinies of the nation, and during the last five years our admiration has grown into love and veneration. History has but five or six names of men who were unmoved when a whirlwind of passion and excitement swept by;

of few, who, when their friends and neighbors rushed wildly by, did not join in the throng and add to their frenzy. But history will add another name to the list of those sublime few whose memories will never perish.

Now it is very remarkable that while the administration of Franklin Pierce is the only one among all those of Northern-born Presidents which has not been repudiated by the people and succeeded by another based upon a different system of government, only one Southern President (James Monroe) has been succeeded by a man of a different school of politics. Washington, after serving two terms, was followed by John Adams, who agreed with him on all the great questions of the day. Jefferson, after his second term of office had expired, yielded the Presidential chair to James Madison, who was as strong a believer in the doctrine of State rights as he himself. James Madison, after his second term, gave way to James Monroe, a man of the same political faith. A coalition of parties, as we have seen, prevented Monroe from being succeeded by one who agreed with him on points of domestic and foreign policy. But this excited the utmost indignation throughout the entire country, and the people rose in their might at their next election, and bore in triumph to the White House their favorite hero, Andrew Jackson. He (Jackson) served his eight years, and then was followed by a Democrat of his own selection. Tyler, an anti-tariff man and an annexationist, was followed by Polk, who carried out the policy of his predecessor. Polk, a Democrat, was followed by Pierce, a Democrat. Finally, Lincoln, a Republican, after being twice elected, has been succeeded by Johnson, a Republican.

The case of James Monroe does not form an exception to the wonderful indorsement of the official acts of Southern-born Presidents by the great majority of the American people. He was twice elected, and the people believed, whether right or wrong in that opinion, that they had been cheated in the choice of his successor. And at the next election they chose a man of the same school of politics with Mr. Monroe. We assert then that while Franklin Pierce alone of all the Northern Presidents has been sustained by the American people, the administration of every single Southern President has received the emphatic "well done" from the mouths of those who elected them. (See Sumner on the Barbarism of Slavery.) We despise toadyism, and will not, therefore, pay that tribute to the ruling Chief Magistrate which our feelings prompt us to pay. But it is simple truth, and no flattery, to say that if Washington has excited the admiration of all mankind by rejecting a crown of doubtful honor and doubtful duration, what will be thought in after years of him who has scornfully declined real, substantial power, compared with which that of the Autocrat of Russia is as the small dust in the balance?

It is no objection to the views presented above that some of the Southern Presidents did not receive collegiate training, and that one of them (Mr. Lincoln) was elected from the North and by the North. They were all born among a people with whom political economy, statesmanship, and the science of government were household words. The mind of every one of them thus received its first bias. Their aspirations were thus first turned toward political honors. They were thus taught in early life to prize the civic crown more than heaps of gold and silver, the laurel wreath more than stately houses and broad acres; and a change of sky brought with it no change of mind. Would Mr. Lincoln, amidst every discouragement, have carried out his policy of suppressing the rebellion with such inflexible obstinacy had he not been born among a people, with whom political failure brought infinitely more disgrace than failure in business? If

Mr. Davis had been born under other skies and other influences, would he have clung to the last with such desperate tenacity to the idea of Southern independence—

"Among the hopeless, hopeful only he"?

Who can fail to see in their portraits the striking resemblance between conqueror and conquered? Both were from the same section of the same State, and if not kindred in blood, as alleged by some, at least wonderfully alike in firmness of will and tenacity of purpose. The North has paid almost idolatrous honors to the memory of Mr. Lincoln. They have called him "the second Washington, who saved the life of the nation to which Washington gave being." It can not be unkind to remind these admirers that the one was a son of Virginia, and the other a son of Kentucky, the daughter of Virginia.

Another curious instance of that political ascendency of which Dr. Channing speaks, is shown in this, that every Northern President has had associated with him as Vice-President, a man of Southern birth. John Adams had as his associate, Thomas Jefferson; J. Q. Adams, J. C. Calhoun; Martin Van Buren, R. M. Johnson; Franklin Pierce, William R. King; James Buchanan, John C. Breckinridge. On the other hand, Jackson and Calhoun, both from South-Carolina, served one term together. Harrison and Tyler, his associate, were both from Virginia. Lincoln and Andy Johnson were both born in the South. (Sumner on the Barbarism of Slavery.) But the manner in which the offices of Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury have been filled demonstrates the truthfulness of Dr. Channing's views in regard to the political tendency of the Southern mind, and the practical and utilitarian character of the Northern people. During the first fourteen administrations of this government, there were from the States which held slaves up to 1864 fourteen Secretaries of State, and but eight from the N. In this enumeration the officer w. held office for two terms has been counted twice. If we do not so enumerate, the South has had thirteen Secretaries of State, and the North but six, (6)—Pickering, Dexter, Adams, Van Buren, Webster, and Buchanan. In this time the North has had fifteen (15) Secretaries of the Treasury, and the South but six. Among the latter we have included R. J. Walker, who was appointed from Mississippi, but was born North; and Louis McLane who hailed from Delaware, not properly recognized as a Southern State. During this long period, then, we had but four men judged to have sufficient financial ability to fill the office of Secretary of the Treasury. No doubt this opinion has been founded in reason. We have no men of preëminent business talents like those who have built up immense fortunes in the great cities of the North. Our educational system has developed theoretic, not practical qualities of the mind; at least not those which relate to the monetary affairs of life. Once more, the South has had in the same period twice as many Attorneys-General as the North, and a few men Secretaries of War and Navy. The North, on the other hand, has had one and a half times as many more Postmasters-General than we.

The facts and figures above have been given in warning, not in boastfulness. The pride which we might have felt in the glories of the past is rebuked by the thought that these glories have faded away. It is rebuked by the thought that they were purchased at the expense of the material prosperity of the country; for men of wealth and talents did not combine their fortunes, their energies, and their intellects, to develop the immense resources of the land of their nativity. What factories did they erect? What mines did they dig? What foundries did they establish? What machine-shops did they build? What ships did they put afloat? Their minds and their hearts were engrossed in the strug-

gle for national position and national honors. The yearning desire was ever for political supremacy, and never for domestic thrift and economy. Hence we became dependent upon the North for every thing, from a lucifer match to a columbiad, from a pin to a railroad engine. A state of war found us without the machinery to make a single percussion-cap for a soldier's rifle, or a single button for his jacket. The system of labor which erected a class covetous of political distinction has been forever abolished; but the system of education based upon it is still unchanged and unmodified. We are now placed far below the reach of political power; but the training of our young men is precisely the same as when every collegian looked forward as a matter of course to the time when he should enter upon his public career. The old method of instruction was never wise; it is now worse than folly—'tis absolute madness. Is not attention to our fields and fire-sides of infinitely more importance to us than attention to national affairs? Is not a practical acquaintance with the ax, the plane, the saw, the anvil, the loom, the plow and the mattock, vastly more useful to an impoverished people than familiarity with the laws of nations and the science of government? What will a knowledge of the ancient classics, of metaphysics and belles-lettres do to relieve our poverty? What will it add to our prosperity? We want practical learning, not scholastic lore. We want business men with brain and hand for work, not the recluses of the library or the convent. A McCormick with his reaper is more valuable than a Porson with his stores of Greek; a Whitney with his cotton-gin than a Bentham with his theories of law. And what does our educational system do to produce such men? If we needed a president of a railroad, of a mining or manufacturing company, who would think of going to our colleges to select the right man? What would be thought of the sanity of the stockholder, who would gravely say, "Young A is the very man we need; he was graduated with the first honors of ——— College. He almost knows by heart the histories of Herodotus and Livy in the original tongues. The Right Reverend President says that he has never had a pupil who so thoroughly mastered Reid and Hamilton"? If such a speech would be regarded as the extreme of folly, how conclusively does it demonstrate that the long years of that training, which but disqualifies for the practical and useful walks of life, have not been spent in a manner suitable to our present wants and our unfortunate condition, nor to our future prospects and development. "Let the dead bury the dead." Let the studies pursued when prosperity crowned the land be buried with that prosperity; and let us have a system which will bring a greater beauty and glory to our desolate places than ever adorned them in the days of their pomp and their power. All unconscious of it though most of us may be, a kind Providence is working in the right way for the land we love. As a people, we specially needed two things. We needed the cutting off the temptation to seek political supremacy, in order that our common school, academic, and collegiate training should be directed to practical ends; not to making orators and statesmen, but men whose stores of useful knowledge may prove blessings *at home*. The state of probation, pupilage, vassalage, or whatever it may be called, in which we have been placed by the dominant party in Congress is, we believe, intended by the Giver of every good and perfect gift to give us higher and nobler ideas of education and of the duties of educated men. We deprecate as much as any one can a low utilitarianism in education. But surely the gifts and learning, which God has thought proper to give to only a few, should be devoted by them not to promoting personal aggrandizement, not to the

attainment of political honors, but to conferring benefits upon the less favored classes. We have a right to expect that the educated men of the country should be the leaders in every enterprise of public weal and general utility. They have not been so with us, for the simple reason that they knew less of such matters than the ignorant rustics by whom they were surrounded. We have a right to expect that their illiterate neighbors should come to them for counsel and direction in their useful employments. But such an expectation with us, under an antiquated routine of studies, would be the height of folly. We must change all that; else the waste places will never smile again, the desolate habitations will never again echo with songs and laughter. In this view we can not but regard our anomalous position as a positive good. It may be mortifying to our pride to be regarded as in the Union for purposes of taxation and out of it for purposes of legislation. But it will turn our thoughts from the strife of parties and the tilting in the political arena, to the mightier work at home. It will bury our present system of education so deep among the perils of the past, that the most curious antiquarian of the future will be constrained to say: "No man knoweth the place of its sepulchre to this day."

Again, we needed to have manual labor made honorable. And here a kind Providence has brought good out of evil. The best, the purest, the most unselfish, the most patriotic of our people are now the poorest. They gave their hearts, their energies, their property to the cause they believed to be right; and they are honored by all true soldiers who fought against them as much as by ourselves. We honor that tattered coat; 'tis a fragment of the old gray that was in many a storm of shot and shell. 'Tis soiled, but it is with the smoke of the camp-fire and the battle-field. There is no smell of selfishness and cowardice upon it. We can never pass it without a feeling of respect, and without invoking God's blessing upon the wearer. Such a man dignifies labor. Those who had no better sense than to despise it, have learned to respect it for his sake. It has become the badge of manhood, patriotism, and unselfishness. *God is now honoring manual labor with us as he has never done with any other nation.* It is the high-born, the cultivated, the intelligent, the brave, the generous, who are now constrained to work with their own hands. Labor is thus associated in our mind with all that is honorable in birth, refined in manners, bright in intellect, manly in character and magnanimous in soul. Much as we regret their misfortunes for the sake of the noble sufferers, we doubt not that in the long run inestimable blessings will flow upon us through these calamities.

Now that labor has been dignified and cherished, we want it to be recognized in our schools and colleges. We do not want it to be the labor of the mule and the ox. We want it controlled and directed by education, and to have all the appliances of art and science thrown around it. We ask for a practical recognition on the part of those who have the teaching of our youth of the state of things now existing. The peasant, who would confine the reading of his son to Machiavelli's Discourse "On the Prince," or Fenelon's "instructions to his royal pupils," would be no more ignoring his rank and station than are our own teachers ignoring the condition of the country. Is the law of nations important to us who constitute nor state, nor colony, nor territory? Is the science of mind useful to us just now, when our highest duty is to mind our own business? Will logic help us in our reasoning as to whether we are in or out of the Union? Will the flowers of rhetoric plant any roses in our "burnt districts"? Will oratory benefit those who have no constituents to harangue, no legislative halls to entrance? Will political

economy be as valuable to an impoverished people as a knowledge of household economy? Will the figurative digging of Greek and Latin roots aid us in extracting the real articles from our neglected fields? The old plan of education in the palmy days of the South gave us orators and statesmen, but did nothing to enrich us, nothing to promote material greatness. Let not that be said of us, which Bonaparte said of the Bourbons: "They learned nothing; they forgot nothing." It is lawful to be taught by those who have far excelled us in developing the resources of the country. So great and so universal is the attention to science among all classes with them, that the great *orator* of New-England, a few years ago, was chosen to deliver the *astronomical* discourse upon laying the corner-stone of an observatory in the West. About the same time the eminent President of a Southern college delivered and published an address to prove that the standard of mathematical science in our institutions of learning ought to be *lowered*. (Until then we had supposed that zero was the lowest figure in the table of numbers.) The system of instruction proposed by this great, good, and wise man was no doubt adapted to make profound thinkers on abstruse and metaphysical points; but it could never have made one single practical and useful man. It could never have improved the condition of the poor. It could never have added to the material comforts and enjoyments of life. It could never have lifted a ruined people from the depths of misery to a state of affluence and independence. It could never have made "one blade of grass grow where none grew before." We want, on the contrary, a comprehensive plan of instruction, which will embrace the useful rather than the profound, the practical rather than the theoretic; a system which will take up the ignorant in his degradation, enlighten his mind, cultivate his heart, and fit him for the solemn duties of an immortal being; a system which will come to the poor in his poverty, and instruct him in the best method of procuring food, raiment, and the necessaries of life; a system which will give happiness to the many, and not aggrandizement to the few; a system which will foster and develop mechanical ingenuity and relieve labor of its burden; which will entwine its laurel wreath around the brow of honest industry, and frown with contempt upon the idle and worthless. When our young men come forth from schools, academies, and colleges, with their minds and hearts imbued with this sublime teaching, to enter upon the busy arena of life, they will be fully qualified to turn their strong hands and well-stored minds to any and every useful employment. Then the wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. "It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing." Then will "the days come when the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt." Then shall the captivity of our people be removed, "and they shall build the waste cities and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards and drink the wine thereof; they shall also make gardens and eat the fruit of them. They shall be planted upon their land, and shall no more be pulled up out of the land," which the Lord their God giveth them.

D. H. H.

(To be continued.)

HOW GREAT BRITAIN ESTIMATES INGENUITY AND SKILL; AND HONORS MEN WHO TURN SCIENCE TO A PRACTICAL ACCOUNT IN PROMOTION OF THE UTILITARIAN ARTS.

THERE is no royal road to national greatness. The ever-abounding wealth and unparalleled glory and strength of Great Britain are only the legitimate result of a wise policy, early adopted and efficiently executed—*that of encouraging skill, and rewarding its application to practical purposes.*

Whole volumes of facts and examples might be adduced, demonstrating at once the persistent sustentation of that policy, and its eminently beneficent results. But I shall at present give only a single noted example — that of JAMES WATT, noted for his great and beneficent improvement of the steam-engine.

He was of respectable parents; but without ancestral distinction. He brought himself into notice by his own personal efforts. His mind was naturally acute and active. He was early noted for investigation and reflection. His skill and attainment soon gave him great prominence. Universities conferred upon him their highest honors. Various other corporations and organizations did the same.

In honor of him and his discoveries a bronze statue was erected by subscription at Glasgow; another, of white marble, was placed in the "Hunterian Museum," of the same city. But the climax of distinction and honor was reached by the action of a great public meeting, held after his death, in the city of London, in which several chief men of the realm were the principal actors.

Cotemporary writers declare that the meeting at which it was determined to erect a white marble statue to the memory of Watt, was one of the most interesting that ever was held in the metropolis.

That meeting was held on the 18th of June, 1824. Lord Liverpool, then Prime Minister, presided. That day will be memorable in the history of that great nation, as the day in which ingenuity and skill reached a culmination of dignity and honor unparalleled in the history of nations. It was the great public baptismal also of the industrial arts—the high officials of the realm standing as "god-fathers," commending them to the warm embrace and the fostering care of the nation! Nor can we wonder at this, when we remember how vastly, even before that period, that ingenuity and those arts had contributed to the greatness of that nation.

In relation to this matter, one of their own writers says:

"It would be singular indeed if the arts were not thus honored. And a minister of the Crown would be unfit for the government of our industrial community, if he did not feel that the great inventions which have grown out of our commercial superiority, and *which have, in a large degree, created that superiority*, were eminently calculated to claim the noblest rewards that the people could bestow."

But the "animus" of the meeting will be best understood from their proceedings. Sir Humphry Davy moved the following resolution:

"That the late James Watt, by his profound science, and by his original genius, exhibited in his admirable inventions, has, more than any of his countrymen, demonstrated the practical utility of knowledge, increased the power of man over the material world, and extended the comforts and enjoyments of human life."

Another resolution, which declared "that the services of James Watt to the civilized world demanded a national tribute of gratitude from his country," was proposed by Mr. Huskinson and seconded by Sir James Mackintosh. From the thrilling speech of this distinguished philosophical

orator we quote the following paragraph:

"In less than half a century, from the Mississippi to the Ganges, the name of Watt has been pronounced, and the benefits of his invention have been proved! If such a vast progress has been made in so small a number of years, what hopes may we not entertain of the future? — seeing that the useful and the fine arts in combination have spread general information amongst such a multitude of minds—that knowledge has been placed within the reach of the humblest artisans — and that this class of men, for the most part remarkable for their intelligent, ingenious, active spirit, are full of the desire of instruction."

The third resolution, "That a monument to the memory of Watt should be erected in Westminster Abbey," was proposed by Lord Brougham, and seconded by Sir Robert Peel.

The following paragraph is characteristic of its distinguished author, Lord Brougham, who said:

"It is to honor the rare and excellent qualities of his character and genius that we are assembled, with the intention to erect a monument to the memory of the great engineer. Not that his memory has need of a monument to become immortal; for his name will last as long as the *power* which he has subjected to the use of man; but we are assembled to consecrate his example in the face of the universe, and to show to all our fellow-subjects that a man of extraordinary talent can not better employ it than in rendering services to the human race. And where could we more fitly place the monument of this great man than within a temple of that religion which preaches peace to all men, and instruction for the poor? The Pagan temples were decorated with the statues of warriors who had spread desolation amongst the people! Let ours be adorned with the statues of men who have contributed to the triumphs of science and humanity, and above all, by the statue of one who, without ever having given pain to any of his fellow-creatures, has been able to accomplish works which remain a lasting honor and benefit to society."

The "life-picture" above exhibited deserves and demands the attention and consideration of every Southern patriot. The *wisdom* of Great Britain is demonstrated by her *policy*. And we may profit greatly from her example. It was the only policy that ever could have given to her the vast resources and the astounding greatness which she has acquired. The very opposite of the course which we of the South have followed and lauded as the only honorable and desirable one, has made her the mistress of the seas and the glory of the nations.

She has done herself great honor, also, not only by so liberally patronizing the arts, but in honoring those to whom she is mainly indebted for her eminent greatness. Noble traits! Commendable example!

With what earnestness and animating power should the trumpet-tones of her examples and unparalleled prosperity bear now upon us of the South in our present prostrate and crippled condition! "Go, AND DO YE LIKEWISE." "Emulate this noble example, and secure to yourselves like beneficent results," is what it earnestly exhorts. B.

EDITORIAL COMMENT. — The statue of which our correspondent speaks was erected by Chantrey in Westminster Abbey, where repose the ashes of Britain's most illustrious dead. Watt was also honored during his life by being made an LL.D. of Glasgow University, Correspondent of the French Institute, and Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh. When will America learn to lavish her favors upon her great inventors, as she has done upon her politicians? Whitney and Fulton were harassed and annoyed by vexatious law-suits as the reward of their inventions. McCormick has reaped wealth, but no distinctions have been conferred upon him. What a revolution in warfare has been introduced by the revolver! But the inventor, a native North-Carolinian, died in poverty and obscurity at New-Berne, North-Carolina.

The foregoing article is from the pen of one who has labored long in the field of Southern education, and who deeply feels the necessity of adapting our educational system to the new state of things. But Southern youth are ambitious, and *honor* as well as wealth must attend the great inventor and the successful artisan, else mechanical skill will never be developed among us. Charleston has set the example by sending to the Legislature a delegation of mechanics. May the day speedily come when inventive talent and industry in all its branches will meet the reward the most grateful to the Southern heart—the approbation of wise men and fair women.

GENERAL WISE'S ADDRESS.

DELIVERED AT THE SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, JANUARY 30TH, 1866.

SUBJECT: "FEMALE ORPHANAGE."

General Wise always throws himself into the breach at the right moment. His noble and manly instincts always prompt him to do the right thing at the right time. Years ago, when the wild waves of "Know-nothingism" had rolled over the entire North, and its resistless surges had reached our borders, the voice of "the old man eloquent" was heard above the roar of its waves and the war of the elements. The tide rolled no further. The storm ceased, and there was a great calm. But if hatred of foreigners and of Catholics found no place in the Southern heart, it was due to the powerful arguments and fiery eloquence of Henry A. Wise. A revulsion of feeling took place even on the soil whence the persecuting spirit sprung. Those who had most bitterly denounced this class of persons were the very first to call upon them to fight their Union battles with the South. Meagher's brigade of Catholic Irish was in front for the attack and in rear for the retreat, till it ceased to exist at the bloody stone wall of Marye's Hill. A band of heroes composed that staunch brigade as true as any ever sent forth by that land of heroes.

And now, after more than a decade of years, the same man, with riper experience and maturer wisdom, pleads the noblest of causes and makes the noblest of appeals—charity for the orphans of our departed heroes. But while he, in his earnest and impassioned way, arouses the compassion of all, except the gold-worshipers, for the children of want and of bereavement, he has performed a still nobler duty in his thrilling tribute to our soldiery. This, too, like his onslaught upon Know-nothingism, came just at the right time. There were those among us wearing the "toga virilis," who were exceedingly nervous when the man in blue saw them talking with the rusty man in gray. There were those who feared to welcome back to their homes and their firesides the men who had gone forth at their behest to peril life and limb, and all that the heart of man holds dear. General Wise has no such craven fear in his large heart. He has struck a chord which will find a responsive vibration in every generous bosom both North and South. When men were cringing and bowing with bated breath, he comes out with his magnificent eulogy upon the Confederate soldier and his touching entreaty for the orphans of the Confederate dead. The great clock of some grand old cathedral peals out the hour in the blackness of the night, and straightway a

thousand musical chimes welcome his voice, and in sweetest strains echo it back. So this watchman on the tower has struck a note in this hour of our gloom and our darkness, which will awaken answering melody in ten thousand times ten thousand hearts all over this broad and beautiful land, irrespective of sectional lines and geographic boundaries. Every soul attuned to the music of heaven will join in the sublime anthem of praise to deeds of heroism and constancy, such as the world never saw before. We would not be guilty of the mean slander upon those who fought us manfully in the field to say that they can not appreciate the grand and the heroic as well as ourselves. If they claim a common brotherhood, who can deny them a right to a common heritage in Confederate fame?

All honor to the faithful sentinel on his post! All honor to the old hero, who has spoken "words of truth and soberness," as well as of genuine pathos and thrilling eloquence. The tribute to "the men in the ranks" is "a gem of purest ray serene," and we are sure it will be admired in all sections of the Union. If we neglect to honor these, who have deserved so much more than "the men of rank," we will richly merit a worse fate than our most implacable enemies can conceive, much less prepare for us. There can be no surer mark of national degeneracy and public corruption than indifference to the great deeds of the good, the noble, and the true. Rome ceased to be the mistress of the world when she began to neglect her illustrious living and to forget her mighty dead. It is an encouraging mark of the general diffusion of right sentiment that many of our dead heroes, ay, and some of our living ones, too, are as much revered in one part of our reünited country as in the other. The piety of Jackson, the daring of Stewart, the chivalry of Ashby, the romantic gallantry of Pelham, the unyielding heroism of Elliott amidst the ruins of Sumter — our glorious dead — all have contributed to American fame, and all are claimed by the American people.

But the Address does more than mete out justice to the hero-soldier. It calls for active, practical working, *giving* sympathy with the suffering orphan of the martyr-dead. We have grievously sinned as a people, and God has justly punished us for our sins; but we will commit a darker, deeper, more deadly sin, if we fail to provide for the children of those who died for our sakes and fighting our battles. And such neglect will most surely bring upon us a heavier and more awful visitation of the wrath of God. How can that young lady enjoy her trinkets, her jewelry, and her gay apparel, when the wail of the orphan is in her ears? How *dare* that young fopling, who has never heard the whistle of a hostile shot, parade his finery about the streets, when the children of the *man* in his bloody grave are crying for bread? If not lost to all shame, his cheeks would be more crimson than the shroud of the martyr.

The Address of General Wise was for the benefit of the orphans in Richmond; but it is appropriate to every town, city, village, and country-neighborhood in the whole United States. There are suffering orphans in all of them. The wealthy North has them as well as the ruined South. The claims of humanity are the same in every locality. Let provision be made for the orphan of the Union soldier as well as of the soldier of independence. We honor the true soldier wherever found as much as we loathe and abhor the marauder and house-burner, who disgraces the noble profession of arms. The implacable, revengeful men of the North are not those who fought us fairly and squarely face to face. The discontented grumblers at the South are not those who stuck to their colors through every trial, privation, suffering, and discouragement. These feel that they did what they could to establish Southern in-

dependence; and having failed, they will abide by their terms of surrender in good faith, and leave the issue with the Great Ruler of the universe.

In the most catholic spirit of sympathy, then, with the suffering orphans of the soldiers, Union and rebel, of the whole United States, we commend the address of General Wise to all who have hearts to feel and hands to relieve these children of want and misery.

My Friends: I address myself to no speculative theme. I am here to-night *to utter a cry!*—the most piercing to the ears and the hearts of all who have ears and hearts for human distress and suffering—the cry of the orphan! of the most helpless orphans; the cry of the female orphans of your city. It is for food, and raiment and shelter — for a home, and that that home shall not only be made warm with fuel, but that it shall be made to glow with a bright burning love, and be fed not only with the bread of the grass of the fields, but be *filled* with the bread of life, and to spare. That it shall be so fed and so filled that it shall give back and give forth the good it has received with the heavenly interest on that good which it shall in turn bestow.

O man! at best "thy days are few and full of trouble." A child is born, and its *first* note is a *cry*—a wail of humanity. From its first breath, it *wants* and it *wails*. Well it is that nature has provided one heart, at least, if none other, to be touched by infant cries, with a thrill known only to but one on earth. The babe is wrapped in swaddling-clothes and it is laid in arms which fold it to the bosom of *a mother!* O woman! woman, to whom a child is born, *thou* knowest, and thou *only* knowest what a wonder and what a world of holy love is in that fold of thine! *Thou* answerest its cries; *thou* forgettest thine *own* travail to heed them, and they are hushed by a fountain the holiest and blessedest that ever flowed on earth — *a mother's breast!* The child is drawn to that breast whilst the fountains of life flow. It is placed in the cradle of a parent's care, but *still* it wails and wants. It then crawls and cries; and then toddles up in steps to wail, and steps forth to play and cries; and then walks to wail on and still on wails, even when it stands full up to man or womanhood. Day by day, night and morning, from infancy to youth, and from youth to age, through all stages of that child's existence, whilst a parent survives to heed its wants and its wails, it will come and come again, often and ever to the parent for succor, for care, for caress, for comfort. It is no mere rural English custom for the child of every age to have its "*midlenting*," it is the impulse of nature for it to "*go a mothering*," so strong is the law that the parent must ever be the source of some provision or supply needed by the child, and that the child will and must and ever look to its father and its mother. And to meet this yearning dependence of offspring, the instinctive love and recognition, or *storge*, as it is called, of parents, has been given to care and provide for offspring. The parent may be weak, the child strong; the parent may be poor, the child rich; old age may whiten both father and mother until utter weakness weighs them down, and they need help from children; and yet, there is *always something* which offspring want from parents, and which *parents* only can give, and when reverent children wait upon them with full powers of their own, and the best of their own means, it is still the child more than the parent who is served.

This strong love of parent and child, if exceeded by any, exceeded only by that love for which we are commanded to leave father and mother, and to cleave to another, is the only standard—immense as it is—of the measure of the bereavement of orphanage. To judge how desolate, how helpless, how constantly yearning and crying in vain orphanage is, we have but to measure the loss of parents by their providential care, by their strong *storge*, by their mighty love, by their

instinctive guardian power and their magic source of sympathy and comfort for their own offspring. Well may the brightest and bravest babe wail the gift of its very being, if it has to wail the loss of a father's and a mother's blessing. It may smile in health and vigor at the bliss of birth; it may bound into being with cherub joy; it may be the child of fortune; it may be wrapped in finest linen and be rocked on softest down, and be most tenderly watched and waited on, waking and sleeping; its cries may be hushed by sweetest lullaby; it may be nourished by the *pap* of most attentive kindness, and grow and bloom in beauty; it may be the pet of a princess; but if it has, though in unconscious infancy, lost its mother—if it has to coo to another nurse than mother, the time will come when, if the mother be not there, that child, like the child of the bulrushes, will surely find out, and know and feel that even the sweet Termuthis, Pharaoh's daughter, or her nurse, is not its mother—that it can know no other mother than the Jochebed who is its own. "By faith, Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter." Yes! the time ever comes to every orphan to know and feel—to those, even who never, in infancy, knew and felt a parent—that they have no father and mother. The hour *will* some time come that the orphan will know and feel that some *other* child *has* a father and a mother, and that it has neither parent. And oh! how sadly old a child is suddenly made when it is made first to know and feel it is an orphan!

And if this be so sadly true of fortune's favorite and pet, what must be the desolation of the bereavement of *poverty's* orphan child? Shall the orphans of the poor live? How shall *they* live? Not live the life of mere physical existence, but morally and intellectually live a life of useful labor and of love? Ah! if no hand be reached forth to help them with a mighty help, they will, intellectually and morally, surely die. Think not, O lowly man of labor! that this should deter thee from seeking to enjoy the blessings of marriage and of progeny. If Douglas Jerrold's man made "all of money," shot through heart so that it might be seen through and yet survive to shoot out of life in a way worse than that of being shot through the heart; or the proud man's contumely; or the selfish, worldly, unfeeling, stingy man; or the miser or money-monger, whose piety is property, shall say that the poor have no right to marry and give in marriage, and leave children to tax their wealth with an orphan asylum, I repel the impious rebellion against God's orders, and tell you that you have not only the right to wedlock, but it is your duty to *love* as well as *labor!* If you have right to space and air, to light and flowing water, to think and speak, to read and write and work; so it is the highest of your natural rights to seek the happiness of matrimony, the holiest tie on earth. You, poor but strong young man, are bound by God's command to seek a helpmate, and to cherish a wife and her children. The very desire to do so shall elevate your mind, nerve your arm, and inspire your heart with the spirit, brave and noble, to strike the sturdy blows of manly labor, with a right good will, to gain the vantage stations of life. And the young maiden, without a dowry, should learn to spin for some worthy son of toil, and not refuse the hand of labor, though poor, on whose strong arm she can lean the safety of her virtue, in the love and purity of wife and mother. That you will have to labor is best both for parents and their offspring. Labor gives the bloom of health and the sinew of strength to progeny, and provides a country with a country's pride—a brave, strong, bold, and noble yeomanry—"its irresistible valor and heroic force." Do you repel this cheerful philanthropy, and morosely ask: "Why does God make orphans of the children of the poor and not so order it that they shall have a sure asylum?" The question is impious. Leave the solution to Him. It is enough for us

to know that He once descended from the heavens and became as one of the poorest of us, of no estate: that "the foxes had holes and the birds of the air nests, but he had not where to lay his head:" that he took from the poor only a little ointment for his feet, and that because he was "*not to be always with us.*" But he told us that the poor we "would always have with us," and if the poor, then the children of the poor were "always to be with us," and he left his provision for them too—a Christian charity, a holy religion which he defined to be "pure and undefiled before God and the Father"—"to visit the widow and the fatherless, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world." He rebuked those who hindered "little children" from coming to him, and he took them in his arms and blessed them, and told us "of such is the kingdom of heaven." And he told us more: "that it were better for one to have a millstone tied about his neck and to be thrown into the sea than to offend one of his little ones." If I understand these revelations, orphan children, and orphan children of the poor especially, are some of his "little ones," and they in this world who do not visit these "little ones" and assist in providing for them, *do them an offense*, and incur the divine threat of the mill-stone. The Father of us all, in his economy of grace, has set poverty, helpless poverty, the orphans of the poor, before us in the world, like many other trials, to prove our virtue and to test our obedience. The Infinite Sufferer consented to suffering in his own case, and the poor may not righteously complain that they, as well as the sick and the lame, and the halt and the blind, and the countless other classes of sufferers have to bear every one of their own burdens in this world: the poor will always have to suffer the poverty, but the strong and the rich and the hale had better beware of giving offense to one of these "little ones," by neglecting the widow and not visiting the fatherless of the poor, and thus causing them to stumble and to fall. O world, worldly world, wealthy world, working world, well fed, well clothed, well sheltered, well warmed world! O fashionable and proud world! that word "*visiting*" means that you shall seek to know and to supply the wants of the poor: that you shall care always for the widows and the orphans of the poor, and from your abundance satisfy their wants. That you shall always have them to try your virtue and to make you unselfish, loving, kind and charitable—to keep them from stumbling and falling; to enrich yourselves whilst you fill them; and to make you, sooner or later, feel that if you *do not* do this Christian duty, that if you leave them to stumble for want, and thus be offended, you shall be left to the canker and corrosion of selfishness and the greed of gold, which will be worse than having a mill-stone about the neck and being thrown into the sea! The penalty of the rich or of the strong who fail to use righteously their wealth or their strength, to help the poor and the weak, is sure, if the asylum of the poor and weak on earth is not. Love is the chief solace of the poor, and their only treasures and jewels are their children. The poor, frail, sick mother often shivers in the blast, but she bares her own nerves to shield her babe, and she dies! Who will shield that babe when she is taken away? Alas! the orphan of the poor is bereft of all when father and mother are taken away, and it is left alone in the world with poverty and misery! Will you not be with it too?

But what if that *poor* orphan is a *female* child; if feminine weakness be added to the helpless infancy, the poverty, the loneliness of its orphanage? O woman! born to be a mother, that thou shouldst ever be bereft of a mother, and thy infancy be thus left alone with want, and suffering, and sorrow, and sin! With nerves most delicately attuned to feel, to enjoy, and suffer most acutely; to thrill and quiver at every touch of pleasure or of pain; sensitively affected by any rude contact; capable of

the most unselfish, self-sacrificing love, and always yearning for its smile; with perceptions keen and quick to understand and feel every tone, and temper, and motive, and manner of treatment to thee; thus, in the tenderness of thy infancy and innocence, to be dashed on the hard, jagged pavements of the streets and alleys of cities! Well may thy cries be heard above the wails of all the throng of infantile orphanage! Thou art the tenderest; thou art the weakest; thou art the frailest and yet the most sensitive of them all; ah! more still, thou art the most sacred of them all; thou, thyself, mayest be an honored mother, and mayest not be a mother at all, if thou art abused; and thou wilt be abused if angels seek thee not and lead thee not away from exposure to the poverty, suffering, ignorance and vice of helpless orphanage! Thou especially art one of the "little ones" whom we are forbidden to "offend." Thy condition is more than miserable if some kind hand does not provide for *thee* an asylum, and provide that asylum with the best of good things, suitable not only to thy state and condition of orphanage, but to thy *sacred sex!*

Measured by the love and care of parents for their offspring, and by the divine economy of the relation of parent and child, the fate of orphanage, I repeat, is hard under any condition of the infant; harder still is the orphanage of poverty, and hardest of all is the bereavement of the poor female orphan. How sad to think, then, friends, of *a female orphan of poverty, bereft in times like these!* Some of these innocents are under two years of age, and their first breath inhaled the sulphurous smoke of civil war! The air of their birth was lurid with the red rage of their countrymen making a charnel-house of their country, whose every field is a graveyard of fathers, husbands, sons, brothers! War has reigned and ravaged nearly all the time of the few years of their existence; and now, that *its* alarms have ceased, the air of subjugation around them is dank and dismal with the exhalation of graves and the gloom of ruins! Fire and sulphur have burned and smoked the very earth, and its ashes are arid! Oh! the barrenness and pallor and yet the putridity and stench of the stricken corpse of a country! All the rivers of plenty have been dried up! The grass sprouts and grows from blood only; the rains of peace can not wash it away! Want, want, want, cries! Suffering groans! Crime is rampant all around these innocents! Their land is the corpse of the past. They have no past and no country. None have a country who have no *home.*

> "Alas poor country! It can not
> Be called our mother, but our grave!"

Finance has failed. Confederate funds are dross, and Federal currency is sought after and caught at eagerly, but as eagerly passed on from hand to hand for him to pay the forfeit in whose hands it goes out; and gold is kept so close that the needy strong can hardly help themselves. There is no harvest but for those who have most of bread, and what harvest there is has no laborers—no husbandmen. The arms of the laborers were turned into the arms of the invaders, and laborers and invaders are now both consumers of the substance of a people who have been stripped bare, and now have but little to spare! These orphans, then, must surely sorely suffer in these times, unless the charity of each and every one of us shall enlarge herself and be mighty in more than ordinary exertion of active love and liberality and self-denial. But, my friends, these times of stagnation and apparent starvation; these times of stunning after sudden shock; these times of strange changes, as startling as bursting bombshells; these times of shifting chances, as trying to the strongest nerves as battle's batteries; these are the times to prove our truth, our piety, our patriotism, our endurance, our constancy, and these are the times, more than ever, to be true to ourselves and to each other! To comrades who

are dead as well as to those who are living.

There are among these infants not only orphans, orphans of the poor, female orphans, and orphans whose lot has been cast in dreary and desolate times; but some of these are the female orphans of deceased and disabled Confederate soldiers, privates in the ranks which you embattled for your independence. You failed only by the fall of such men. They fell for you, and you fell. Are any afraid or ashamed to embrace them in the fall? Listen, whilst I repeat truths which you must not try and must not dare to forget; truths which, if you do not gratefully recognize and openly avow and maintain at all hazards, without the fear of showing sympathy, if not without some reproach; shame! shame! shame! shall so shout and hoot at shrimped, and shriveled, sordid, selfish souls as to shake them like misers' money-bags, until with appalling jars their coin-idols shall be jostled out and scattered to street-beggars and vagrants of the "Arts of Industrie!" War itself appalled not the hearts of the Confederate heroes who fell; and war is now over; the cloud has burst; the lightning hath done its scathing; the thunder hath ceased to mutter: in honor's name, then, let craven cringing cease!

The noblest bands of men who ever fought or who ever fell in the annals of war, whose glorious deeds history ever took pen to record, were, I exultingly claim, the private soldiers in the armies of the great Confederate cause. Whether right or wrong in the cause which they espoused, they were earnest and honest patriots in their convictions, who thought that they were right to defend their own, their native land, its soil, its altars, and its honor. They felt that they were no rebels and no traitors in obeying their State sovereignties, and they thought that it was lawful to take up arms under their mandates, authorized expressly by the Federal Constitution, to repel invasion or to suppress insurrection, when there was such "*imminent danger as not to admit of delay.*" The only reason for the delay which could have been demanded of them was to have appealed to the invaders themselves for defense against their own invasion; and whether there was imminent danger or not, events have proved. They have been invaded until every blade of grass has been trodden down, until every sanctuary of temple, and fane, and altar, and home has been profaned. The most of these men had no stately mansions for their homes; no slaves to plow and plant any broad fields of theirs; no stocks or investments in interest-bearing funds. They were poor, but proudly patriotic and indomitably brave. Their country was their only heritage. The mothers and wives and daughters buckled on the belts, and sent husbands and sons and brothers forth, and women toiled for the bread and spun the raiment of "little ones" of "*shanty*" homes in country, or of shops in town, whilst their champions of defense were in their country's camps, or marches, or trenches, or battles! They faithfully followed leaders whom they trusted and honored. Nor Cabinets, nor Congress, nor Commissariat, nor Quartermaster's Department, nor speculators, nor spies, nor renegades, nor enemy's emissaries, nor poverty, nor privation, nor heat, nor cold, nor sufferings, nor toil, nor danger, nor wounds, nor death could impair their constancy! They fought with a devout confidence and courage which was unconquerable save by starvation, blockade, overwhelming numbers, foreign dupes and mercenaries, Yankeedom, Negrodom, and death! Prodigies of valor, miracles of victories, undoubted and undoubting devotion and endurance to the last, entitled them to honors of surrender which gilded the arms of their victors and extorted from them even cheers on the battle-field where at last they yielded for Peace! Alas! how many thousands had fallen before their few surviving comrades laid down their arms! Of these men of the ranks their beloved

leader, General R. E. Lee, said to me, during the last winter on the lines: "Sir, the men of this war who will deserve the most honor and gratitude are *not the men of rank, but the men of the ranks*—the privates!" I cordially concurred in the justice and truth of the compliment, for I had seen them tried on the rocks of Coal river, of Gauley and the Pocotalico. I had tested their endurance in the marches and countermarches, and scouting and skirmishing, of the Kanawha Valley; I had seen them in a first fight and victory against all odds at Scary, and their last stand against greater odds on the Sewall mountains; I had seen their constancy and courage proved at Hawk's Nest, at Honey Creek, at Big Creek, at Carnifax Ferry, and at Camp Defiance, in North-west Virginia. I had seen them leap with alacrity to the defense of Roanoke Island, knowing when they went that they could not return but as captives or corpses. I have seen them in the "Slaughter Pen" there slay twice their own numbers before they stacked the arms for which they had no ammunition. I have seen them employ their leisure and amuse their *ennui* at Chaffin's farm by mechanic arts for the army of a blockaded country! I have seen their efficiency on the peninsulas of the James and York, and of the Chickahominy and Pamunkey. I have seen their successful strategy at Williamsburgh and Whitaker's Mill, and their steadiness in the din of metal at Malvern Hill. I have seen their temper and spirit tried in the lagoons and galls of the Edisto and Stono, and their pluck on John's Island, in South-Carolina. I have heard the shouts of the Virginia men when ordered back from South-Carolina and Florida to rally again around the altars of home, and heard them raise the slogan of "Old Virginia Never Tire," when they pressed forward to open the defile at Nottoway Bridge, and rushed to Petersburgh in time twice to save the Cockade City against odds of more than ten to one. I have seen them drive through the barricade and cut at Walthall Junction, and storm the lines at Howlett's, not for five days only, but for twice five days' successive fighting. I have seen them on the picket-lines and in the trenches, throughout all seasons of the year, in heat and cold, day and night, in storm and sunshine, often without food fit to feed brutes, with not enough of that; without half enough of fuel or clothing or blankets; under the almost incessant fire of shot and shell; without forage for transportation, and without transportation for forage; scarce of ordnance stores; not supplied with medicines for the hospital; all the time rolling a Sisyphean stone of parapet, and traverse, and breastwork, and bomb-proof, for the want of material for revetment, and for the want of tools to dig out and work up the indispensable lines of defenses. I have seen their manhood worn by every variety of disease and wounds in the hospital wards. Starved, half naked, rest broken, I have seen them summoned to stand to or to storm the breach and do it, filling ditches and a crater full of the assailant's dead. I have seen their brigades blasted by the shock of mines, and rise from the *debris* and rubbish to repel and conquer the storming enemy. I have seen them bivouacked on the right of Hatcher's Run, and on the ever memorable days of the 29th and 31st of March last, advance first one, then two, then less than three brigades, on the Military and Boydton plank-roads, against *two corps*, and fight them for hours, and so stagger them that they dared not follow the retreat. I have seen them on the quick night march to Church Crossings, and thence hurried to the Namozine, to Flat Creek, to Big Creek, to Sailor's Creek, to the High Bridge, and to Farmville, marching and charging, and charging and marching, and starving, but not sleeping nor stopping on the way, but to work or to fight. And I have seen them fire their last volleys at Appomattox; and oftentimes in marches, on picket, in the trenches, in camps and in charges I

have seen them sad and almost sink, but I never saw their *tears* until their beloved commander-in-chief ordered them to surrender their arms. Then they wept, and many of them broke their trusty weapons! The blessed and ever glorious dead were not there to surrender, and they are not here to defend their memories from the taint of the reproach of rebellion and treason. Alas! I am alive and here, and am bound, at every hazard, to declare that those men were no rebels and no traitors. Let whoever will swear that they were rebels and traitors, I will contradict the oath, and appeal to God on the Holy of Holies as high as Heaven's throne, and swear that they were *pure patriots, loyal* citizens, *well* tried and *true soldiers, brave, honest, devoted men*, who proved their faith in their principles by the deaths which canonized them immortal heroes and martyrs! No one shall inscribe the epitaphs of rebellion and treason upon the tombs of their dead, without my burning protest being uttered against the foul and false profanation. And if any wounds of the living are labeled with rebellion and treason, I would tear away the infamy though the wounds should bleed unto death. If I suffer their names to be dishonored and their glory to be tarnished, and don't gainsay the reproach, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; and if I suffer their orphans to be outcasts for the want of sympathy, warmly outspoken and more warmly felt, may my right hand forget its cunning. Alas! in these times it has no cunning, for it has no coins! I too am a beggar. I can beg, then, and do beg like a Belisarius, for them. Please give them one obolus! Have you a crumb to spare? Divide it with them! Have you comfort, give them. I implore you, give them some of your abundance! Their enemies who slew their fathers honor them enough to feed their poor orphans! They won't hurt you for daring to do deeds of charity. Many of them are brave men, and the brave are always generous to the brave. The orphan, the orphan of the poor, the female orphan, the orphan fallen on evil times, the Confederate soldier's orphan girl-child cry to you! Will you not heed their cries and in some way help the helpless ones? If you will not, then may we apostrophize the manes of their martyred sires, in the language of the lays of the Scottish cavaliers:

> . . . "Last of Freemen—
> Last of all that dauntless race
> Who would rather die unsullied
> Than outlive the land's disgrace—
> O thou lion-hearted warrior!
> Reck not of the after-time:
> Honor may be deemed dishonor,
> Loyalty be called a crime.
> Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
> Of the noble and the true,
> Hands that never falled their country,
> Hearts that never baseness knew!" .-

But if you will heed and help their cry, the question then is—How?

It is to no corporate charity that I appeal—it is to no charity which doles merely to indigence—it is to no charity which gives benefactions only to the poor. I appeal to a higher, a more Christian charity, the charity of active goodness, the *doing* as well as the *giving* charity of good affection, of earnest, watchful love and tender kindness. The necessaries of life and comfort are all wanting and must be supplied; but they are nothing compared with the warm, attentive love and sympathy which administer careful, tender, delicate services, which remind them not that they are orphans, and make them feel that they have guardians who try to supply the place of parents and provide a *haven*, a safe and sure *home* for them on earth, and thus assure them that they in common with us have "Our Father which art in heaven!" Don't throw plenty even to them as to the dogs; they won't thank you for plenty even, thus given; but give them "that manna" which is the "bread of life!" *That* it is which will not only help *them* to live, but will make *you love to give*, so that *you* as well as they may live forever. This is that bread which feedeth him who freely from the heart giveth it to feed

the poor. When he tastes their eating of it, he shall find it so sweet that he will give more and more.

We can not feed the poor and nurture their orphans by any "Gradgrind" systems! Dickens, the Shakespeare of prose, teaches in "Hard Times" the best lessons on that hardest of subjects for human *hearts* to digest—men's minds can not master it. It is a subject for the *affections*, not for the intellects. We must rely on *individual*, active love and goodness. Let us try each individual of every class. Can not all and each of us here this night resolve that the single virtue of self-denial alone shall raise the funds necessary for this asylum? Let each individual constitute himself or herself a self-denial's savings bank for the female orphans of the poor of Richmond. Let each, like Theodore, the hermit of Teneriffe, take a self-examining view of the myriads of little monads of habits which infest our nature, which tangle our powers, which bother our business, which hinder our action, which beset our steps, which torture our nerves, which weaken our energies, which pervert our wills and hearts, and which, like malicious midges, divert or distract us from the paths of pleasantness and of peace. The habits of all cause countless expenses, unnecessary, wasteful, and extravagant. Let us each and all curb these, and try watchfully to save from them the needful for the orphans. I might, for example, appeal to the man of the world, and ask him, "head of a household of high living"—can't he give up the expenses of one, or two, or three costly entertainments, taken from Timon's guests to feed the orphans of Athens?

I might ask the fashionable matron, "Have you, madam, no costly weaknesses you could make tributary to the poor orphans of your own sex? Come, now, you are amiable. I see one, two, three little vanities—very small—very venial, to be sure—so small there will be no sacrifice—can't you catch and curb the little monads, and send them over to the asylum? You are nursing them now, and they will be nursing orphans there.

Fair maiden—fresh, sweet, lovely lass of lassitude! How much of morning and of moonlight do you titter and tattle away? How much to the mantua-maker and the jeweler the past year? Can't you spare the price of one costly trinket? Come to an old wizard, and he can tell you a secret worth more than a necklace of precious pearls—how to get a *trousseau* for a bride richer than rubies and brighter than diamonds! Instead of laces, it shall be decked with graces!

I could scowl from the young gentleman at the door of the gambler's hell a saving from vice. Don't he go there? Good. But is there no other habit he can curtail a penny's worth for penury's sake?

I might coax even little children to believe that St. Nicholas might love them more if they would take a toy to the baker's for a loaf of love for the orphans! I would lure them to the asylum to play with the little children, like themselves, and teach them that joys of loving them are more precious than toys.

I could beg the poor themselves—the fathers and mothers who, though poor, yet live and love their own children. They can love and they can labor. Can't they strike one lovelick of labor for the orphans of the poor who have died? Remember! their own cherished infants may soon need an orphan's home!

I might rally merchants and men of business; men of pleasure and professional men; lawyers, doctors, and mechanics, and the surviving comrades of Confederate soldiers—all to deny, each himself, a morsel to make up a mighty much of blessed bounty for the bereft; but such scraping for crumbs from worldliness, from human weakness, from vanity and selfishness, and thoughtless indifference, and vice, is below the heavenly theme. They will or may dole a mite to-day, but will forget the privilege of giving again to-morrow! *They* will not stop work, or pleasure, or fancy, or fash-

ion, to count the accumulations of self-denial, who prize only the income of self-aggrandizement or the outlays of self-indulgence! *They* can not be convinced of what glorious and wondrous profits of great good a bank of self-denials savings will yield to the corporators themselves, as well as to the poor beneficiaries of bounty, because they know not how to count the rewards of angel-deeds, which, if they enable us not to ascend to heaven, can bring heaven down to us!

No! orphans, you must look to Christian charity alone! To all Christians, then, and to all the churches I appeal. To thee, O Charity! greatest of all Christian virtues, I lead these poor female orphan little ones! All the orphans are thine; thou art the true nursing mother of all! Take *all* by the hand and bless them; but O nursing mother! let the poor female orphan, in these evil times, in this chill winter of woe, be thy chosen child! Take *her* to thy arms and press *her close* to thy sweet *bosom!*

We are beautifully told in sacred biography that "ease and affluence generally harden the heart. If it be well with the selfish man himself, he little cares what others endure. But religion teaches another lesson: 'Love to God whom we have not seen,' will always be productive of 'love to men whom we have seen.' From the root of faith many kindred stems spring up; and all bring forth fruit. There arises the stately plant of heavenly-mindedness, producing the golden apples of self-government, self-denial, and contempt of the world; and close by its side, and sheltered by its branches, gentle sympathy expands its blossoms and breathes its perfumes —*consolation to the afflicted and relief to the miserable!*" You have the "golden apples," whose "sympathy" expands these blossoms and breathes these perfumes!

AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE.

AGRICULTURE is both a science and an art. Every science, and its dependent art, is a connected system, linked together by such intimate dependencies, that each must feel the shock that impedes or impels the other. All labor, too, which is not simply undirected physical exertion, with no other guide than accident or chance, is but the practical out-going of scientific principle, however crudely digested, or imperfectly comprehended; so that the zealous, earnest worker, in every department, is the true friend and coädjutor of his brother in every other. Art is the progenitor of science; but science, in its turn, becomes the nurse and guide of art: science suggests; art illustrates and confirms; a principle in the one is a rule to the other. Science, without the practical demonstrations of art, is simply *theory:* art, without the guidance and control of science, can not be more than *empiricism.* Separated, neither can flourish; but when united, a mutual interchange of life and light, like the mild and gentle radiance of a diffused sunshine, scatters warmth and energy through all the system.

Such is the relation of agricultural science to agricultural art. One can not flourish without the other; they are parts of a connected whole; and if our country is ever to realize the highest results of her industrial system, the foundation must be laid in a systematic application of scientific principles to all the departments of labor. Would you expect a skillful physician in the man who knows nothing of the science of medicine, the nature of disease, or the functions of life? Could that surgeon perform a skillful operation who had never studied the anatomy of the human body? The ruined health of all who came under the treatment of the first would convict him of quackery; and the mangled bodies of those who submitted to the knife of the sec-

ond, would demonstrate that he was only a licensed butcher. And what would the wasted hillsides, the washed and gullied ravines, and the barren fields of the South say for the tillers of our soil? But this must always be the case when science and art are divorced; both must suffer from the unnatural estrangement.

Indeed, it may be asserted, not only of every particular science and its dependent art, but of the entire sisterhood of science and art, that each is the assistant and handmaid of every other. It is the astronomer who instructs the merchant in what path to carry his freighted wealth over the trackless ocean; and if he toils through anxious days and nights, to correct, by a single second, the record of his former calculations, it is that the hardy sailor may attain an equal accuracy in avoiding the perils of the deep: on the other hand, the astronomer is not less indebted to the artisan, who constructed his instruments, to the optician, who has expounded the laws of light, and to the chemist, who has taught him the nature and composition of his lenses. If the science of geology instructs the farmer relative to the source and origin of his soils, or the miner concerning the nature and locality of his ores, or the geographer as to the causes of mountain ranges and the configuration of land and sea; in return, the whole range of art and science pour their accumulated treasures into the lap of geology. So, too, the science of agriculture, contributing not merely to this or that department of labor, but, by the production of food and raiment, ministering at the very fountain of life itself, may be regarded as the foundation and support of all. But, if upon it all are dependent, so with reciprocal generosity and kindness to it, all contribute the offering of their peculiar treasures. The botanist brings to his aid a knowledge of the habits and functions of the vegetable which the farmer cultivates; the zoölogist instructs him in the nature and wants of the animals he employs for food or service; the entomologist enlightens him relative to the changes and habits of the insects which prey upon his crops; the mineralogist and geologist tell him of the origin and general properties of his soil; the meteorologist and astronomer instruct him as to his times and seasons; while chemistry, his specially and friend, is associated with all he does, and must, of necessity, be the ground-work of whatever monument shall be erected to agricultural science in all coming time. By it, his soils are to be analyzed, his manures composted, his crops furnished with suitable nutriment, the elements of air and earth made tributary to his purposes.

What has already been accomplished for agriculture by the science of chemistry, we can scarcely fully comprehend. I imagine the alchemist of a former age, searching for the seeds of the metals which he maintained were to be found in the earth, and the foliage and flowers of which he fancied that he saw in the crystalline structure of some of the native ores, and we get a glimpse of the darkness which chemistry has dispelled from the region of organic life. Imagine even Aristotle, that prince of philosophers, whose theories ruled with such an iron despotism, for so many years, over the hearts and minds of men, gravely maintaining that fire, air, water, and earth were the sole original elements of matter, and that these were formed from "primary qualities," as fire from "heat and dryness," air from "heat and moisture," water from "cold and moisture," and earth from "cold and dryness," and we see something of the jargon from which agricultural science has been rescued by the helping hand of the analytic chemist. These are general results.

What then, more definitely, has agricultural science accomplished for agricultural art?

In the first place it has removed an immense burden of prejudice

and superstition. Nothing offers a more formidable barrier to progress of any kind than the prejudices of the human mind. But chemistry, by appealing to the understanding, and demonstrating its teachings by simple experiments divested of all complexity, has rendered nature's responses clear and intelligible; has disarmed the mind of its prejudices, and started it actively upon a new career of intelligent and rational progress.

He who had once seen the beautiful experiment by which water is resolved, through galvanic agency, into its gaseous components, and these same gases recomposed again into water, could no longer dream of "primary qualities," or of "cold and moisture," as the constituent elements of this useful and common article. And when Lavoisier had separated oxygen from the air, by an equally simple and convincing process, it was natural, perhaps, that this singular substance, invisible, combustible, powerful in all its affinities, should have suggested to the mind vague impressions of ghosts that fill the air, and that with it, the whole class of bodies to which it belongs, should have been called gas, (gast or ghost, as the word originally signified,) but it was now no longer possible to hold to the doctrine of an elementary body composed of "heat and moisture." The most inveterate prejudices must eventually yield to the stern logic of facts, and it is the peculiar province of chemistry to appeal to facts, to submit all her teachings to experimental tests in which the problem to be solved is referred directly to nature herself. And thus, inch by inch, reason and experiment have triumphed over ignorance, till the old prejudice against "scientific farming" as distinguished from "practical farming," is fast passing away, and the good sense of our people is convincing them that all true science and all true practice, are alike based upon principles derived from experience and observation. Practice that is false is unscientific; and science that contradicts correct practice is untrue. The practical man, if he succeeds, must succeed on the principles of true science, however he may have attained it; and the scientific man teaches only a partial, or a false philosophy, if he does not confirm successful practice. To array one correct principle against another, and call it science, is a misnomer. We have heard of the clerical farmer who, arguing most logically from an unquestioned principle in the nature of the animal, concluded that if he would introduce his hogs into his potato patch, they would root up the grass which had become troublesome. Of course he was not disappointed; the grass was rooted up—and the potatoes also. Another, with equal philosophic acuteness, knowing that the proper place for seeds to germinate is in the ground, is said to have carefully uprooted and inverted all his garden beans because they came up with the bean attached to the wrong end. This may be poetry; it is certainly not science: and it is well that our "practical" and "scientific" farmers have ceased to dispute about their respective merits; for it will be admitted that, in all such cases as the above, the "science" is at least as good as the "practice."

Superstition is closely allied to prejudice; the mind deeply imbued with the one, is always a mind obstinately affected by the other, and the two evils so interlace that they are not always separable. Superstition suggests an opinion, and this opinion, held without reason, and often against reason, becomes the basis of an inveterate prejudice, which is the more incurable because it pretends to no rational support. Chemistry, by inducing a habit of careful analysis, gradually undermines these superstitions, and being led along in the sure path of clear inductive reasoning, with the firm foothold of intellectual conviction to rest upon at every step, the mind first doubts, then suspects, and finally discards every thing that can

not stand the test of the retort and crucible. What agriculturist thus trained in the school of science would blame the phases of the moon, or the conjunction of the planets for the failure of his crop of potatoes and turnips? We plant in the earth, not in the moon, and if we fail—

> "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves."

But the prevalence of some of these fallacies entitles them to a more serious attention than a merely passing notice. They have taken hold largely of the popular mind, and in so far as they influence popular action, have become, to that extent, a public calamity.

True, some progress has been made. The sage prediction of "Look-for-rain-about-this-time," extending from the top of the page to the bottom, in our old almanacs, is fast losing its ancient prestige, and the poor old man who has stood for so many years transfixed by darts from head to foot, on the first page, is likely to escape from his tortures in these more Christian times. The constellations have nearly ceased to pour their baleful light upon his devoted head; but the gentle, quiet moon, and a few of our sister planets, have not entirely ceased to work their spells and charms upon the earth.

Moonlight, we are told, in a few hours will produce decay in fish freshly caught from the stream, and thrown upon the bank. Turnips should be sown, potatoes planted, meat killed, soap made—in a word, almost every thing should be done according to some phase of the moon, whilst on the other hand, almost every thing she does, portends some change in the economy of nature. If she runs far north, it will be cold; if she lies on her back when new, the month will be dry; with each of her changes, there will be a change of weather; and if, perchance, she should come into conjunction with one or more of the planets, or they with each other, something more than usually remarkable must occur in the heavens or earth to signalize the event.

Now, as to all these atmospheric changes, it ought to be sufficient simply to suggest that the moon, in her nightly walk through the sky, is guided by immutable laws, which have never changed since the world began, and from which she will never deviate till the crack of doom. By these laws the astronomer can trace her path with all her changes, during every second of time to the remotest ages. But the "wind bloweth where it listeth," and who can tell what changes of heat or cold, wet or dry, sunshine or storm, a single hour may produce? Nothing can be more constant or certain than the movements of the moon—nothing more fickle or uncertain than the changes of the weather; and how, then, can we hope to trace between them any relations of cause and effect?

As to the influence of the moon's light, it ought to suffice to say that the moon's light is only reflected sunlight, just such as falls upon us from every object around us on the earth; it has no mystic charm. Earth-shine is just as good as moonshine. In fact, moonlight is peculiarly unfitted for working wonders of any kind; for, owing to the absorption of its heat by the atmosphere through which it comes to us, it is impossible to detect the smallest trace of calorific power in the most concentrated moon-beam; it is a cold, dead, sepulchral light, that has lost even the life-giving power which it had in common with other sunbeams, when it started from the parent source. Then how can the so-called changes of the moon, which only means that more or less of her illuminated surface is exposed to view, effect any thing? The moon can not change. It is the same moon now that it was four thousand years ago, when watched by shepherds on the plains of Chaldea; it

never waxes nor wanes except in appearance. The full moon is no larger than the new moon; it remains unchangeably the same dull, earthy matter, covered with cliffs and volcanic craters, probably without air or water, and unable to sprout a turnip even, upon its own rugged and barren surface.

How absurdly, then, does it claim to wield an almost boundless power over the productions and every thing else on this distant world of ours! Truly, one would scarcely have suspected such a "busybody in other men's matters," in this same quiet, gentle moon, stealing so softly across the midnight sky.

But we are gravely told that the attraction of the moon causes the tides, and if the mighty ocean heaves and swells beneath her sway, why may not these other things upon the earth? We answer, simply because they are *other* things, and entirely different things; and for that very reason require other agencies and powers to effect the proposed result. If the moon, in common with all other bodies in the universe, has the power of attracting matter, and thus of drawing up the water of the ocean into tides, does it follow, that therefore it can do every thing else—make turnips and potatoes, as well as soap—control and direct the seasons, and send us hoar-frost at its pleasure? Strange philosophy that!

But our honest farmer might have easily multiplied cases of lunar influence, far more striking than even the ocean tides, and certainly more philosophic than soap-making, if he had adhered to the results of universal gravitation, of which the tides are only a particular example. Through this all-pervading principle of attraction, possessed by the moon in common with all other matter, she lays her mighty hand upon the solid earth itself, and swings him to and fro in his orbit; and by the same far-reaching power, extends her sceptre, though with a milder sway, through all the host of heaven, ascending through the ranks of suns and systems to the utmost bounds of the universe of God. This the moon may do because it is her legitimate domain, the common office of all dead matter; but science must protest, with all due deference to her queenly majesty, against usurped authority and juggling arts.

But, it may be asked, if all this popular belief about the moon is erroneous, how can it be accounted for that so many intelligent practical men are thus deceived, seeing that it is a practical matter, appealing to every day's experience, and in a manner, too, most intimately affecting their personal interests? Such misjudgments are not at all surprising; they are perfectly natural; it has been so in all ages. Man is a religious as well as an intellectual being. He not only seeks for the reason of things, but when the light of reason fails him, and he finds some power external to himself, working results he can not comprehend, his instincts incline him to ascribe these results to some mysterious influence residing somewhere in nature. On this principle, the sun, moon, and stars have in all past time been objects of religious homage to the ignorant. The whole class of soothsayers and aruspices of the Greeks and Romans belong to this same category. The younger Cyrus, just before the fatal battle in which he lost his life, and in which were blasted all the hopes of his devoted followers, publicly announced to his assembled army that his soothsayers had examined the entrails of the sacrifices, and that all the omens were favorable. The aruspex was the high-priest of the religion of a whole people, who could appeal to their daily experience to prove that the quivering entrails of a butchered victim unmistakably foreshadowed the fate of battles and the destiny of men and nations. The croak of the raven, the flight of birds, the path of the meteor, were all portents of good or evil.

Now, how is it that the learned and philosophic Greek, as well as the practical and astute Roman, could for so many ages appeal to his unquestioned experience, in defense of the truth and practices of an art, the absurdity of which is now too gross even to deserve a serious refutation? The ancient soothsayer was deceived, just as the modern moon-man is deceived; both loosely observed the facts, and more loosely reasoned from their premises, rejecting every thing which bore not in the direction of their preconceived theories; and as their facts proved nothing either way, like negative characters generally, they were only the more easily distorted into any shape the required argument might demand.

What shall we say then? Does human testimony go for naught? By no means. But the opinions of those whose habits of observation are loose and superficial, and the observations themselves scattered and accidental, should weigh but little in the scale against those whose whole life has been devoted specially to the subject under discussion. Which, for instance, should be received as most reliable, the crude opinions of the common observer, based only upon isolated phenomena of nature, or the whole body of astronomers, whose life-long studies especially fit them for analyzing the facts, and who have not only their own observations to guide them, but have also, in their observatories, the carefully collated records of centuries, by other men, equally devoted to the questions in dispute?

Do you ask what these learned astronomers, after all their accumulated and laborious research, have concluded? Why, simply this, that they find absolutely no *certain* traces of effects from lunar changes in all the records of their observatories.

Theoretically, it might have been supposed that there would be a slight decrease of rain during the brighter phases of the moon, because the moonbeams must contain heat, in common with all other light originating from the sun, and as this heat never reaches the earth, but is absorbed by our atmosphere, it might be supposed that its absorption would, to an appreciable extent, dissipate the clouds that otherwise might have fallen in showers.

Theoretically, also, we might have expected that the lunar attraction, by producing tides in the air, as it does upon the ocean, would have sensibly affected the condition of our weather —not monthly, as the popular impression would require, but, like the tides of the ocean, daily, and even twice per day. But no such expectations have been realized. These effects, if they are produced at all, are obliterated by other causes, or are so insignificant as to be lost among the errors of observation.

In fact, if any difference in the weather regularly occurs during the month, the evidence from carefully comparing the records, points only to a time between the first half-moon and the full—the second octant—a time not indicated either by popular credulity or any known scientific principle. The evidence in favor of this period is indeed very slight, only a small fraction of an inch in barometric pressure — too small to be detected by any other method than that of appealing to a long-continued record of facts, carefully made, and accurately analyzed; but still the evidence, small as it is, seems to have some force, for it is consistent, and all the lines converge to the same point. One set of observations upon the number of rainy days; another upon the number of cloudy days; and a third upon the indications of the barometer, all point to this second octant of the moon as the period of most rain. Why it should be so, if indeed it really is, neither science nor popular opinion pretends to decide—it is purely an induction from recorded facts. These facts show no other change.

Then are we to conclude that all the facts alleged in favor of these popular beliefs are erroneous, merely creatures of the imagination? Not

at all. The facts are sometimes facts, but the poor moon is not to blame if they are. It may be, for instance, true, and no doubt is, that fish or any other kind of flesh, will spoil sooner on a bright moonlight night than when it is cloudy; but only because the dew is heavier on such nights, and the moisture, as well as the gases absorbed by dew, greatly facilitates decomposition. So, too, in regard to the germinating of seeds; the dew, and not the moon or the moon's light must be held responsible, if there be a difference: any clear, still night which favors the deposition of dew would do as well.

Again, it is certainly true that when the full moon runs far north the temperature of the weather will more probably be cold than when it is far south; but the simple reason is, that the first never occurs except in winter, and the second only during summer; for when the moon is full it must always be in the opposite part of the heavens from the sun, and as the sun runs far south in winter, the full moon of necessity runs far north; there is only a coincidence, but no connection between the phenomena of cold and the moon's position.

But surely, it is urged, the moon does affect the diseases of the human family; for lunacy and epilepsy demonstrate the fact, and even the great Lord Bacon always fainted when the moon was eclipsed. If the great Bacon had faith enough in the moon to allow a superstitious dread to disturb his shattered nerves, it only proves what the world has long known, that even great men often have weak points.

We admit that there is a tendency in the animal system to return, at regular intervals, after a series of changes, to the same physical state. This tendency is common to man and brute, to male and female, and we have no doubt that these recurring changes modify disease. The period itself may correspond very nearly to a month, as we know in some cases it actually does, or it may include only a few days, as in the case of intermittent fevers; but whether it be one month or one day, it in no sense can be caused by any peculiar phase of the moon. It would be as rational to insist that the third day's sun caused the tertian fever, as to hold that the thirty days' moon produced the epilepsy.

How fanciful, too, is the impression that pork killed during the decrease of the moon, will shrink away, while that slaughtered during the increase will not. Is it the argument from analogy that carries such convincing power to the popular mind on this point—that as the moon is waning, therefore the meat must wane? But the moon waxes, also, and then what a happy thought it would be, during these times of pressure, when corn is scarce, and hogs have already waned quite enough, to buy up large supplies of meat and slaughter it when the moon's waxing process is in full tide! Such a speculation would be worthy of a down-east Yankee. But, perchance, we have missed the argument, and it is, that our veritable porker has heard that the great Lord Chancellor himself was accustomed to swoon away at the changes of the moon, and that, therefore, all true *bacon* should do likewise; we know it is said that there is a loyal branch of this Bacon family down East, whose hams, (wooden,) defying all precedent in heaven or earth, obstinately refuse either to wax or wane. But be that as it may, the argument is at least as good as it was before, for we would prefer for ourselves, in so grave a question as that of meat and bread, some more sure reliance than a vague analogy to rest upon; and even if shut up to the necessity of an analogical argument, we would prefer to draw our analogy from a waning corn-crib, rather than a waning moon.

What, then, can be the cause of the undisputed fact that our hams of bacon do sometimes shrink away? Two causes may be assigned. First, the character of the food that made the bacon; and second, the unhealthy

condition of the animal that digested the food. Every intelligent farmer ought to know that the different portions of the flesh of animals are composed of different elements, and that appropriate food to supply these elements is necessary. The solid parts, for instance, such as muscles and sinews, must contain nitrogen, and in the absence of food which can supply this necessity, no muscle can be formed, or if the supply is only partial the result will correspond. Would you expect a stout, muscular, hardy animal to result from feeding upon turnips alone, as well as if corn, wheat, and peas were added? The child fed upon arrowroot may have a round, plump limb, but it is composed of soft, cellular, fatty matter, which would shrink away far sooner than the solid muscular development of the laboring man. And if, in the second place, any morbid, unhealthy action in the vital functions should cause a development of a soft, cellular, unsound flesh, of course the same result would follow. So with our bacon.

But we will pursue our fickle and inconstant neighbor, the moon, no further. We have thus fully considered her powers and capabilities in order the more efficiently to protest against the unauthorized manner in which she has hitherto interfered with the business of our farmers. We will now dismiss her ladyship, hoping that in future she may be permitted quietly to confine her attention at home to the "man in the moon," and that no more of his progeny may be colonized in this far-off world of ours; and that our people, thus left to themselves, may seek to develop their own resources, and promote the best interests of the "land we love."

We have been discussing difficulties in the way of agricultural progress. To return more directly to a consideration of the science of agriculture itself, we would insist that this is now one of the great necessities of the South. Our young men should be taught its elements in the primary schools, its practical details on the model farm, and thoroughly grounded in all its scientific principles at the college and university. If to secure the greatest good, not only to the greatest number, but the highest interests of all, is a safe principle for the guidance of nations or communities, surely that pursuit which is to engage the personal attention of nine tenths of our people, and upon which the remainder must depend for bread, deserves special attention. If we would not have our sons and daughters to be merely automatons going the round of a treadmill process, our people must now awake to the reality of their situation. Labor — personal, manual labor—is now a necessity, and to relieve it from the servility of mere routine drudgery — to elevate it to the character and tone of our Southern society, it must not be simply machine-work; it must be a cultivated, intellectual pursuit—one that enlists all the warmth of the Southern heart and all the energies of the Southern head. And why not? The farmer stands in the very workshop of nature herself. He is the assistant chemist in the laboratory, where the great Master Chemist, by his reägents and solvents, is metamorphosing the gross materials of our barn-yards and compost heaps, into beautiful fruits and flowers, and converting the dull earth of our meadows into luxuriant fields of wheat and corn. And shall he stand by, amid these scenes of curious and wonderful phenomena, and look on only with a stupid, vacant stare, as one would gaze at the handicraft of a juggler whose tricks he could not understand, and of whose science he knows nothing? Or should he not rather, by fitting himself for an intelligent coöperation, take hold of the chemicals himself, and assist in the performance of the grand experiments going on around him? How is this to be accomplished without the necessary preparatory training? It can not be. Then let our Southern education be remodeled to meet the

demands of the times; let our schools, academies, colleges, and universities recognize the changes that have come over our people. It must be so, or we must lose the high preëminence we have gained for thorough intelligence upon all subjects engaging our attention, as well as for that sterling common sense by which an enlightened people should always accommodate themselves to the necessities that surround them. We would not abandon the classic fields of Greece and Rome, nor neglect to cultivate the gentle slopes of Helicon and Parnassus; we would neglect nothing elevating, purifying, and refining, in all that has contributed to our character as a people in the past; but, preserving that character intact, we would engraft upon it our new condition, and, by the process of a vital digestion, assimilate all its elements to the true Southern type.

Why should not agriculture, the great business of our people, be thus ennobled and dignified by a special and suitable scholastic preparation? Can there be any position in life in which the refining and pleasure-giving influences of knowledge are more needed to relieve the mind and cheer the heart, than among the hardy, earnest, toil-worn children of the farm? Or can there be any pursuit which has more practical connections with other branches of knowledge than the cultivation of the soil? We have already pointed out some of the sources of knowledge tributary to this calling, and the list might easily be so extended as to demonstrate that, instead of the neglect it receives, the science of agriculture, by its intimate dependence upon so wide a range of human learning, is entitled, as few other pursuits can be, to be lifted from the low level of a mechanic art, to the high dignity of a learned profession.

This change is now practicable. Under a former system, when our young men had but little to do, by a precocious hot-house culture, their primary training in academies and colleges was necessarily too hurried; time was not allowed for laying the foundation sufficiently broad or deep. Now it is different. The necessity for attending to business details and assisting in all the duties of family economy, will put a wholesome check upon the railroad speed of our educational system, and allow time and opportunity for inculcating not only the elements of an agricultural education, but for converting every fireside and country farm into a practical school for agricultural science. The universities of Europe impose a course of study, requiring for its completion the time of their students till they become from twenty-five to thirty years old; and could we not, in even less time, accomplish all that is truly excellent in our curriculum, and engraft upon it, in addition, these new features, so eminently required by the times, and so easily applicable, now that our young men will be in the daily practice, at home, of the principles illustrated in the teacher's laboratory at school? That agriculture can be successfully introduced and taught even in the primary school, is no longer a speculation. More than twenty years ago three thousand Irish schools adopted the system, and the Scotch about the same time followed their example. Two or three hours per week devoted to the children of a class, produced results that astonished and gratified all who witnessed them. These few hours, with the aid of such an elementary book as Johnston's "Catechism of Agricultural Chemistry." and a few simple illustrative experiments suggested by the author himself, such as any intelligent teacher could easily repeat, is all that is required at this stage of the instruction. A higher development will require a systematic home training, or a model farm, under the eye of the pupil, to test the accuracy of his scientific principles; while a scientific school, attached to our regular colleges, and taught by the professors of the regular faculty, could carry on the work to a tolerable degree of perfection. The bias given to the mind

in youth generally directs the whole current of life; and a taste for agricultural pursuits, thus engrafted upon the young by the studies of the school-room, would start the current in the right direction; the impetus would carry it forward by its own momentum, till our people, hitherto too much devoted to the pursuit of elegant leisure, would find themselves naturally and easily borne onward by the stream into the fields of energetic business life and productive industry.

Nor would we confine this course of instruction to the males alone. Why should our young ladies not become expert gardeners? Must they who have so refined and polished our society under a former system, become under the new only mechanical "helps," and not a "helpmeet" to their farming husbands? Surely not. Every instinct of the Southern heart rebels against it. Then let them, by an appropriate scientific education, be rendered fit companions for their loving "lords," so that, while the one is delighted in the open fields, converting muck and mud into nice dishes of peas and potatoes, the other may, with equal pleasure, contemplate her sauce-pans and ovens converted into chemist's crucibles, full of curious and interesting phenomena. Thus the drudgery of daily life may become a source of high intellectual enjoyment, and the toil of a rural retreat refining and elevating to the last degree.

But elevation and refinement is not our only plea, though this to a Southern mind is much—very much. A nation of scientific agriculturists is necessarily a nation of material progress. Consider what has already been done in the mechanical department by the substitution of the cotton-gin for the old process of picking out each seed from the raw lint with the fingers; or by the invention of the horse-reaper, which, as compared with the old hand-sickle, multiplies the efficiency of human labor a thousand fold; or by the application of the steam-plow, through the introduction of which, instead of the old wooden harrow, human labor may be reduced to a minimum, in the process of simply directing the forces of nature.

Now, science is as capable of advancement and perfection as art; the theoretical as the practical; the principle as its application. Witness the illustration of astronomy: from the first crude observations of roving shepherds as they watched their flocks by night, it has advanced step by step, till the man of science, sitting in his easy chair, can now weigh the moon as readily as he can weigh a feather, or track a comet in its long flight of years, as readily as the hunter tracks the hare.

And why may not agriculture, in like manner, approximate an exact science, so that under the guidance of established laws, we may increase its products at will to any desirable amount? Consider what has already been accomplished towards increasing the fertility of soils naturally sterile and unproductive. Flanders was once a poor sandy region, scarcely repaying the laborer for his hard and patient toil. Scientific manuring, careful culture, and systematic rotation, have now converted the whole country into a luxuriant garden, yielding annual crops of thirty-two bushels of wheat, fifty-two of oats, and three hundred and fifty of potatoes per acre, and supporting on its once barren surface the densest population of any country on the globe.

Will it be said, in discouragement of this hope of attaining perfection in the agricultural department, that the science of astronomy deals only with blind physical forces, unvarying in their action and universal in their application, while the science of agriculture has to do with the mysterious principle of life, and the ever-varying functions of vegetable organisms? This in no way alters the nature of the case. Every thing is mysterious till investigation has rendered its laws and their operations simple and intelligible. This was equally true of astronomy once. And

the laws of organic phenomena are subject to just as unalterable conditions as the forces that guide the planets in their revolutions. All are alike the physical exponents of the will of Him who is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever"—*that will* sustains and energizes all the powers of nature, and by it the least organic cell is assigned its law, as fixed and irrevocable as that which directs the stars in their course. Not a process in all the varied functions of the vegetable kingdom can add to or subtract a single atom from the composition of its fibre; a thousand analyses of starch or gluten would exhibit the same identical composition—not an atom more or less; for He who "weighs the hills in a balance" apportions every thing by the strictest rules of weight and measure.

That the vital functions are less fully understood only shows their greater complexity, and the more urgent need of increased attention; but that these functions are performed by the ordinary laws of nature, under the guidance and direction of a vital principle, is demonstrated by the fact that many of the phenomena of vegetable life can be reproduced by the chemist in his laboratory. Starch, for instance, a vegetable product, is often converted, by a vital process, into sugar, to serve as a nutriment for the young and tender germ of the plant; the chemist repeats this process at his pleasure. Formic acid and oxalic acid, likewise products of the vital principle, are equally products of the chemist's art. So of many other things. Even in the department of animal life, "hard-boiled albumen and muscular fibre," says Liebig, "can be dissolved in a decoction of a calf's stomach, to which a few drops of muriatic acid have been added, precisely as in the stomach itself." On this same principle, too, of the dependence of the vital process upon the ordinary laws of matter, rests the whole science of medicine. Will it be denied that the skillful physician can, by promoting the activity of a torpid organ in one place, or applying a counter-irritant in another, restore the lost equilibrium of nature and establish the health of the invalid? His medicines are only chemical reagents which, by their active affinities, produce the requisite conditions for healthy vital action in the animal economy. How much more, then, may we hope for in the less complex department of vegetable life, where experiments may be repeated with the utmost freedom, under every possible condition, without the moral restraint of endangering life, such as hinders the researches of the physician. Would it be too much to expect that God, in his infinite wisdom, is slowly preparing the earth by the agency of agricultural science, for the sustenance of its population, when millions have accumulated on its surface, where only hundreds may now be counted? It is thus, by his provident care and mercy, that millions now are warmed and sustained in regions where no wood exists, by the coal-fields and peat-bogs, accumulated in past geologic ages. In like manner we know that he has treasured up the very element most sought after by the practical farmer, in exhaustless abundance in the very air we breathe, where it only awaits the discovery of some chemical process, by which it can be made directly available for the uses of the farm; and the discovery in the laboratories of science, of some new process by which the nutriment of plants might be rendered a thousand-fold more abundant, or by which this nutriment might be taken up and assimilated a thousand-fold more readily and actively than at present, would scarcely strike us with so much surprise as the actual applications of steam and electricity would do if now announced for the first time. If it be too much to assert that the time may possibly come when the farmer can calculate the amount and character of his crops with as much certainty as the astronomer predicts the time and character of an eclipse, it is due to no fault of

his science, but only to the fact, that there are unknown quantities in the problem beyond his reach, such as heat and cold, sunshine and storm, which he can not eliminate, because God has reserved their control to himself, that man may not forget the great moral lessons of dependence and humility. I. R. B.

HINTS TO PARENTS.

Excess of cold equally with excess of heat hardens the earth and unfits it for tillage. Undue coldness and severity alike with undue fondness and indulgence ruin the moral cultivation and development of the child. Parents in their intercourse with their children should shun an austere manner and a stiff formalism as much as real harshness and cruelty. Water drops its impurities before it is changed into ice. Other solutions in the same way deposit their sediment ere they are converted into those beautiful crystals which please and refresh the eye. If we wish the characters of our children to crystallize into lovely and symmetrical forms, we must remove from them depraved and dissolute companions. Those accustomed to an unwholesome atmosphere and to noxious smells are at length not aware of the pollution in which they live; so familiarity with impurity takes away the perception of it. When the parent perceives that his son is not shocked by coarse, vulgar, and obscene language, he may be sure that the associates of that son are the vile and the vicious.

Parents and teachers often become discouraged by the slow progress of their children as pupils in the attainment of knowledge. But they should reflect that the most precocious are seldom in the long run the most eminent. The first honor men of college are not often heard of again in after life. The slow, persevering plodder is sure to gain rank, fame, and fortune, while the brilliant genius but too often sinks into obscurity. Nature itself seems to teach a system of gradual development. The sun does not burst upon the earth in full meridian splendor. It first sends forth its harbingers of light, next peeps softly over the horizon, then rises with a softened light, gathers his glories around him as he ascends in his high career, and not until the eye has become accustomed to his increased magnificence does he put forth his full overpowering lustre. The little shrub is many generations expanding into the majestic oak, under whose mighty arms the beasts of the forest seek shelter and repose. On the other hand, "ill weeds grow apace" is a proverb as true as it is old. It is then not the lack of brilliancy that is to be deplored in the child, but the lack of energy, perseverance, and determination. This latter want can only be remedied by judicious help and encouragement, by making knowledge attractive, and by stimulating the desire of the child for its acquisition. Let him feel that he is in the pursuit of something not merely useful and necessary, but that is pleasant in itself, and that will add to his comfort and happiness. His own self-love then will prompt him to a persistent effort after an attainable good. The love of knowledge is natural to the human mind, and its acquisition would be universal did not difficulties conflict with the still greater love of ease and self-indulgence. Yet we see indolent men make painful exertions for the sake of gratifying their passions or their appetites. The idle, listless, irresolute student may in like manner be incited to manly work by the hope of future enjoyment in the stores of learning he will have acquired. There is a

pleasure to all, even to the most sluggish minds, in knowing something not known before; there is a pleasure in conquering the obstacle which has kept that thing from being known earlier. Now these two powerful auxiliaries nature has given to the parent or teacher to aid him in training and developing the faculties of the child. Hence the impropriety of repressing his curiosity and of refusing to answer his thousand natural inquiries about the name, the nature, or the reason of things. Light is the symbol of knowledge in all languages. And just as the plant or the tree desires light, so does the human mind naturally desire knowledge. Place a plant in a dark cellar with but a single aperture, where sunshine can enter, it will put forth its tendrils toward that aperture seeking for light. The twig in the forest overshadowed by its neighbors of larger growth, shoots up into a slender tree, and seeks to overtop them, that it may receive the much-coveted rays of the sun. In the bosom of every child there is the same struggle after, the same longing for unattained knowledge. Gratify that earnest desire, that his mind may be vigorous like the sturdy oak, which has grown up in the sunshiny plain. Especially should he be instructed about the mysteries of his own nature, his relations to his Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, the realities of an eternity of misery or happiness. We believe that few have attained to even intellectual greatness whose moral nature was not cultivated *pari passu* with their mental. And as the moral development has usually devolved upon the mother, it has passed into a common belief that no man ever attained to eminence who had not a remarkable mother. Hence the very natural mistake that intellectual gifts were derived from the mother. And we are referred in proof of this to Letitia, the mother of Napoleon; to Mary, the mother of Washington; to the mother of President Jackson; to the mother of the brothers Humboldt; of Sir William Jones; of Telford, the engineer; of John Wesley; of Philip Henry, Count de Morny, and of hundreds of others who have risen to eminence. But the simple explanation is to be found in the religious character of the mother. Women are more devotional than men, and when the training of their children has devolved chiefly upon them, the Bible has been *the* book of instruction placed in the hands of their sons; and this is superior to all other books for mere intellectual training. A study of its precious contents will develop and will strengthen the mental faculties more fully than all the literature of earth. Sir William Jones, the great Oriental scholar, has left this decided testimony: "I have carefully and regularly perused the Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that the volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more sublimity, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains of eloquence *than can be collected from all other books*, in whatever language they may have been written." This is the opinion of no tyro in literature, but of one who had read more books in other tongues than any man of his age. A love of learning may be excited in the dullest boy, and his dormant powers may be aroused by the reading of the simple stories in the Old Testament or the parables of the Saviour in the New. But not only will his mental faculties be expanded; the moral nature will also be reached, and there will be that simultaneous development, without which there can be no true greatness. The pious mother instructs her son in the truths of the Bible not to make him intellectually great, but morally good. The chief object may be lost, while the secondary one is gained. Thus men have become great, because their mothers have been pious. And the world, with its usual proneness to err, has ascribed the greatness to the intellectual, and not to the combined intellectual and moral training of the mother. A lesson is here taught

even to the worldly-minded, who desire for their children the honors and distinctions of this life. This can be best attained by imbuing their minds with biblical lore. When Lord Chatham had to make any great effort in Parliament, he shut himself up in his study and read Isaiah, that his mind might receive the rapturous glow of the inspired prophet. The greatest essayist of any age draws his most beautiful and forcible figures from the Bible. From hence the most celebrated poets of the world have derived their glow of fancy, their loftiness of style, and their sublimity of ideas. To this source the wisest legislators have gone for the best code of laws. Here the great painters of the world have sought subjects for their canvas, and their masterpieces have been representations of scenes or thoughts in its sacred pages. Here men of science have found the truest interpretations of the mysteries of nature. Hence the great luminaries of that department of knowledge, Newton, Leibnitz, Pascal, the Bernouillis, Herschel, Horsley, Stewart, Locke, Flamsteed, Chalmers, Bachman, Whewell, etc., have made its mighty truths the study not of their leisure moments, but of their lives. Professor Huxley has justly said: "True science and true religion are twin sisters; and the separation of either from the other is sure to prove the death of both. Science prospers exactly in proportion as it is religious; and religion flourishes exactly in proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis. *The great deeds of philosophers have been less the fruit of their intellect than of the direction of that intellect by an eminently religious tone of mind.* Truth has yielded herself rather to their patience, their love, their single-heartedness, and their self-denial than to their logical acumen." The sentence quoted above affords the true explanation of the phenomenon so often observed that distinguished men have had remarkable mothers. No man has ever become really great in the widest and best sense of the word who did not receive in his youth that religious training which usually devolves upon the mother. It was "the direction of their intellects by an eminently religious tone of mind" which constituted the greatness of Washington and Stonewall Jackson. Men who have not had that bent given to their faculties may have possessed higher gifts and learning, and yet proved a curse to their species and to themselves. Had Byron's intellect been sanctified by a mother's prayers and example, what a blessing to the world he would have been, with his genius, his sensibility, his love of the grand and the heroic! But his mother, unfortunately, was not qualified for the task of training such a mind. Macaulay tells us that she passed in her treatment of her son from paroxysms of anger to paroxysms of tenderness. At one moment she lavished upon him her fondest caresses; at the next, she reproached him for his deformity. Hence filial reverence was wanting in him, and with it were wanting all those high and noble qualities it brings in its train. In his correspondence even with his female friends, the poet spoke of his mother as his Alecto, his Hydra, his Fury, his Upas-tree, and so on. He wrote to Miss Pigot: "Her (his mother's) behavior on any sudden piece of favorable intelligence is, if possible, more ridiculous than her detestable conduct on the happening of the most trifling circumstance of an unpleasant nature." Since the world began did a son ever before use such language about a mother, and heighten the offense by addressing it to a lady friend? We hope that no son will ever again employ such cruel words, and that no mother will ever again deserve them.

Oh! mighty is the influence of woman; highest is her position in the scale of being; the most exalted are her duties and her responsibilities. The Redeemer of mankind owned no mortal man as his father, but a woman was his mother! To woman

belonged the honor of ministering to him during his weary pilgrimage upon earth. They were the last at the cross and the first at the tomb. To them the risen Saviour first appeared. Theirs the first training of the infant mind. No good enterprise has ever succeeded without their aid. None has failed without their defection.

Being thus distinguished by heaven, and intrusted with the most solemn accountabilities of life, how circumspectly should they walk, how prayerfully watch over the young immortals committed to their care! How carefully should they guard against the pollution of their tender minds by any species of defilement! They should perpetually bear in mind that all good must be implanted in the soul, and is of slow growth; but evil springs up naturally and thrives apace. With what patience the husbandman gathers the seed of cotton, corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, etc.! With what labor he prepares the soil and plants it! But the seeds of pestilent grasses and noxious weeds need no gathering and no sowing. The fowls of the air and the winds of heaven scatter them everywhere over the earth, and the soil is ever ready to receive them. As long as their children are in the world parents can not keep from them *all* baneful seeds; but they can at least plant and cultivate the good seed, so that they may overshadow and dwarf the pernicious. But children can be kept from *much* that is dangerous. "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil," said our Redeemer in his intercessory prayer. Evil books and evil companions must be guarded against. The great mental philosopher of England has compared the mind of a child to a piece of white paper, upon which any thing may be written legibly. The mind of the man is the same piece of paper, written all over, crossed and interlined, upon which few new characters can be traced. How important that this fair and beautiful scroll should be interscribed with the living letters of truth! Late in life, Dr. Franklin said that if he had done any good in the world, it was owing to a little book which he had read in boyhood, by one of the Mathers, and called, if we remember rightly, "Hints on Usefulness." The mother of Washington was accustomed to read daily to her family "The Contemplations, Mental and Divine, of Sir Matthew Hale." A writer has said: "The singularly near assimilation of Washington's character to the general principles inculcated in this book has very naturally led to the conclusion that it furnished the model to which he disciplined himself." On the other hand, the perversion of great natural powers by vicious reading is strikingly exhibited in the case of Robert Houdin. He had probably as much mechanical genius as Watt or Fulton; but having seen in early life a book on jugglery, he spent his days in automaton-making and in tricks of legerdemain. The talents which God gave him to bless mankind were spent in exciting the wonderment of the mob. A few years ago, a midshipman in the navy, the son of a prominent and most estimable citizen of New-York, was hung for an attempt at mutiny and murder in an United States brig-of-war. His mind was said to have been poisoned by reading the "Pirate's Own Book." In our own personal knowledge, a young man of fine promise was made a nuisance to society by the same pernicious book. A chaplain in the army, and a most enthusiastic lover of nature, was intrusted for a time with the education of William and Alexander von Humboldt. This man, "Campe, had plainly perceived," says their biographer, "that the mode of education and instruction, till then adopted in families and institutions, only tended to develop the memory and not the mind; he opposed from the first the mechanical training of youth, and endeavored to develop the susceptibility of the youthful mind by a perception of the world—of for-

eign natures, men, and manners." The spirit of research and thorough investigation, awakened in the minds of those young men by their teacher, made William Humboldt the profound philological historian, and Alexander the greatest explorer of the age. And here it may be as well to mention, for the comfort of those parents, who are discouraged at the dullness of their children, that Alexander was so dull that even his own mother—a wise, prudent woman—thought him incapable of receiving an education. His sluggish powers did not seem to arouse from their lethargy until he approached toward manhood. And yet before his death, that which was said of another could have been said of him—"He touched the whole circle of the sciences, and adorned them all." He has embodied a mass of learning in his "Cosmos" which seems almost beyond the attainment of any mortal man. Let no one then be disheartened by the backwardness of his child, when this miracle of knowledge was thought to be stupid in boyhood. These examples are given out of hundreds that might be selected of the influence of books and conversation upon the susceptible mind of youth. They show that parents can not be too guarded with respect to the reading and associations of their children. Newspapers, reviews, and magazines are more generally read than books. It appears from the census of 1860 that the number of political papers in the United States, including quarterlies and monthlies, amounted to 3242; the number of religious newspapers and periodicals to 277; and the number devoted to farming and gardening to 40. The aggregate circulation annually is put down at 927,951,548 copies, or over 34 copies for every individual in the country! What a fearful thing is such a circulation! How tremendous the responsibility of the writer in these days! What an engine for weal or for woe is the modern press. It was once said: "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." But it is now, "He who controls the press has the destinies of the nation in his hands." No one can pick up even the most insignificant of the ephemeral productions of the times, whether daily newspaper, review, or magazine, without seeing something worthy to be known and remembered; and alas! too often much that ought not to be seen by an ingenuous and a pure-minded youth. How often do we see an obscene advertisement flaunting upon the first page, because it pays well! How often do we meet with the profane jest or the indecent joke! The light literature of the day is more to be scrutinized than books; for the simple reason that they are written to please and instruct for the hour, and not to have the sober judgment of posterity passed upon them. Hence they often pander to present tastes and fashions, regardless of what the decision of truth and right may be in the future. Such reading matter can not be criticised too closely, it can not be examined too rigidly. Wiser far is the parent who allows his infant child to play with a case of medicine in which are deadly poisons, than he who allows son and daughter the selection of their own reading. The temptation from this source is infinitely more dangerous than the temptation from wicked companions. They present themselves face to face, and "the snare of the fowler is laid in the presence of the bird." But that comes to the child in his loneliness and retirement, and, like Satan, whispers in his ear the guilty suggestion. He can look at it, contemplate it, and gloat over it without deeming it necessary to call upon his virtue and his manliness to resist it. Evil companions have slain their thousands, but pernicious reading has slain its tens of thousands. The latter does not evoke the blush of shame, that potent shield against the shafts of sin. The wicked understand the might, yea, the majesty of the blush of the ingenuous youth. Hence, they ply their arts of ruin

upon him when night has dimmed the lustre of his armor. We once heard a venerable man, who had spent some forty years of life in a town, say that he had never known a boy "turn out well," who had been allowed to run about the streets at night. Weak and foolish parents, who know and feel the danger of the thing, have not nerve enough to deny their children this privilege, or make them deny themselves. And yet, the teaching of self-denial is the most important part of home education. Self-denial in its antagonism to self-indulgence lies at the root of all those virtues which made Plutarch's heroes great and the Roman name famous throughout the world. Self-denial in its antagonism to selfishness is the one cardinal doctrine of Christianity. "Take up thy cross and deny thyself," was the burden of the preaching of the unselfish man of Nazareth. The self-indulgent man is a soft weakling, unfit for any thing great and noble. The selfish man can not be trusted as a friend or patriot. When his real or supposed interests clash with that of friend or country, his own will have the preference, though the most solemn pledges and obligations may rest upon him to sacrifice them. Stonewall Jackson said to a friend that he only remembered of fainting once in his life. Some one had placed a mustard-plaster upon his chest for some ailment, and then, to divert his mind from the pain, had sent him on horseback to a neighbor's house some two miles off. "I reached the house," said he, "and then fell fainting from the horse." Upon being asked why he had not removed the plaster when the pain became intolerable, he replied: "I had always tried from my earliest recollection to endure pain patiently." This heroic self-control was the preliminary training to his great career. It fitted him who had learned to command himself to command others by his iron will. It fitted him, habitually a sufferer in body, to endure an almost incredible degree of hardships and fatigue by the mere force of his invincible resolution. It was an aphorism of Sir Francis Bacon that "selfish parents made unselfish children, and unselfish parents made selfish children." Who has not seen illustrations of this? And the philosophy of it is plain. The selfish parent, for his own personal gratification, makes the child deny himself, and the child grows up to be generous and self-denying. The unselfish parent gives up his own ease and comfort to gratify the child; and the pampered creature grows up with lofty notions of his own importance, and with a contemptuous disregard of the rights and privileges of others. The noble generosity of the parent makes no impression upon the mind; but the preference given to the child's tastes and inclinations soon ceases to be looked upon as an act of kindness, and is thought to be a right. "Do you know the cause of that young man's ruin?" inquired a friend of the writer on one occasion; "his father always sacrificed his own enjoyment to promote that of the son. If there were but few delicacies on the table, such as a scant supply of early vegetables, the father's portion was given to the son. If some exposure had to be endured on a wet or a cold day, the son sat by the snug fireside and the father went out into the storm. The boy grew up, not to feel grateful for the goodness of the parent, but to feel that he was the more important personage of the two, and that he was like a sovereign receiving but the natural homage of the subject—his own unquestionable dues. Hence, the indulgence of his appetites was not regarded by him as wrong; it was inculcated almost as a duty by his father. See in the animal expression of his face the natural fruit of such training." Many persons wisely insist upon implicit obedience in their children, without understanding precisely how this affects their moral character. It is because obedience lays the ax at the root of selfishness and self-indulgence that it is so important an

element in domestic education. The child who has learned to surrender his own will to that of his parent has gained an important step toward the mastery of self, and consequently the first step toward becoming an unselfish and therefore useful member of society. When the mother of Washington was asked what was the secret of her success in training her son, she replied that her great lesson was "implicit obedience." And we are told how, when his young heart was set upon the sea, and foreign travel and his midshipman's warrant was in his pocket, and his trunk on board the boat, he gave up his own eager wishes, because it so pained his mother to see him leave. But for this act of self-denial George Washington might have been an officer of the British navy, and not the father of a mighty nation; and this country might have been a colony of Great Britain to this day. The influence of early self-discipline upon Washington is seen throughout his whole life. It made him tolerant of pain, patient under fatigue, calm under reverses, and magnanimous in success. It made him a patriot, preferring the interests of his country to his own, seeking its prosperity rather than his own aggrandizement. Hence he gave it a republican form of government rather than adorn his own brows with the royal crown. The whole world admires the greatness of Washington; but the world does not trace up that greatness to its source, the self-denial taught him by his mother.

The laws and ceremonies of the Mosaic code always contained collateral reasons for their observance over and beyond those which were obvious and apparent. The most unimportant regulation guarded against some evil, pointed some moral, or contained the germ of some great truth. Thus the kid was forbidden to be seethed in the mother's milk, and this apparently trivial prohibition, we find recorded among the the most solemn and responsible duties. It was repeated three times, once from Sinai itself, trembling at the presence of its God and enveloped with clouds and darkness. It was uttered, not by an angel, but by the awful Jehovah, amidst the terrors of that fearful mount. We can not therefore regard the prohibition as a small and insignificant matter. First and least of all, it related to health. Physicians tell us that food prepared in that way is unhealthy. The whole Mosaic dispensation had such special reference to health that Hall, in his "Journal of Health," says that there are more wise sanitary rules in a single chapter of Leviticus than were ever passed by any board of health in Christendom. But the great thing taught by the prohibition was an abhorrence of human sacrifices. The Israelitish mother learned thereby that she was not in any way to be accessory to the death of her child. If this was forbidden after the fact in case of the beast that perisheth, how much more before the fact in case of a living child with an immortal soul? Hence all the tribes of Israel learned in the way most impressive to the uncultivated mind to detest the practice, then so prevalent among the surrounding nations, of sacrificing their children to Moloch and other heathen deities—"the giving the fruit of the body for the sin of the soul." Moreover, as the mother's milk typified the mother's functions, the perversion of these to the injury of the child was forbidden by the figure. Thus is clearly set forth the crime of exerting the parental authority to force a mercenary marriage upon the daughter, or an ambitious one upon the son. It is seething the kid in its mother's milk, and consigning it to a life of torture, compared with which death in the boiling caldron would be a blessing. Again, it is not straining the figure to apply it as Walter Scott has done, to the infliction of injury through taking advantage of the noblest instincts and purest emotions of our nature. So when Amy Robsart was ensnared into the fearful fall through the trap-door by her love for her wayward husband, the Duke of Lei-

cester, Tony Forrester said to her murderer: "Oh! if there be judgment in heaven, thou hast deserved it. *Thou hast destroyed her by means of her best affections. It is a seething of the kid in the mother's milk.*" Thus too, when the boy is entrapped into sin through friendship for his wicked companion, the son, through regard for his worldly parents, the unsuspecting maiden through love for her betrayer, the innocent kid is seethed in its mother's milk.

We have made the foregoing digression to show that the punishment by starving to death of the disobedient son or daughter under the Mosaic economy, involved another reason than that which appeared on the surface. It is not merely that the relation between parent and child can not be maintained and that the happiness of domestic life can not be preserved without the most entire subjection to parental authority; but it is also because the disobedient child will grow up into the selfish adult, who will prove a curse to society; and society does well to cast stones at the head which will breed nothing but mischief and destruction to it. The mocking Ishmael always turns out to be the man whose hand is against every man, while every man's hand is against him. If the early history of all those incarnate fiends who have wrought desolation upon the earth could be learned, we doubt not that ninety-nine out of every hundred of them would be found to be vicious, selfish, disobedient, and ungoverned boys. Benedict Arnold, the traitor and the monster of cruelty, is but a type of the whole class. The Roman boy, who delighted in killing flies, became the bloody emperor of infamous notoriety. But if the appeal to the parent to curb selfishness in the child, because it is hostile to the interests and well-being of society, be unavailing, surely the appeal ought to prevail based upon the happiness of the child himself. *The selfish are always unhappy.* They seek but their own enjoyment; but they find instead supreme, unmitigated misery. They wrap themselves in a covering of egotism; but this, like the shirt of Nessus, burns and stings, and tortures them to death. It makes them morbidly sensitive, jealous of the devotion of their best friends, and suspicious of all the world besides; keenly alive to their own rights and privileges, and ever suspecting that these have been infringed.

The Christian parent who allows his child to become a martyr to selfishness is more cruel than the Ammonitish mother, who caused her offspring "to pass through the fires to Moloch," whose brazen arms were made to press the quivering victim to its seven-times heated breast. A few sharp pangs, a few piercing shrieks, and the sufferings were over. But the spoiled and indulged and therefore selfish pet of foolish father or mother spends a lingering life of torture, and goes down to an unregretted grave. Imaginary wrongs and fancied slights will be perpetual subjects of contemplation. Suspicion of neglect or injustice will pour the wormwood and the gall in every cup of happiness. Far less the agony of the poor wretch stretched upon the rack, than that of the mind harrowed by its own ideal and self-inflicted grievances.

Now the religion of the Bible aims to make man happy by divesting him of his selfishness. The Mosaic economy taught by type, and the Christian dispensation by precept, *that the sacrifice must go before the blessing.* Nature herself joins in the same lesson. *The pruner must go before the gatherer of fruit.* Redundant limbs must be cut off, superfluous shoots must be plucked out. Even the poet whose own excesses had never been pruned, could sweetly sing:

"The tainted branches of the tree,
If lopped with care, a strength will give,
By which the rest shall bloom and live,
All greenly fresh and wildly free."

D. H. H.

(To be continued.)

SOUTHERN LYRICS.

The first three pieces are from the pen of Philo Henderson, who was born near Charlotte, Mecklenburgh county, North-Carolina, and who died in early manhood, leaving a large number of unpublished poems of rare value behind him.

THE LONG AGO.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years!

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the ears in the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen!

There's a magical Isle in the river of Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this Isle is Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty, and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the image is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed Isle,
All the day of life till night;
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May that 'greenwood of soul be in sight.'"

THE FLOWER OF CATAWBA.

Down in a fair romantic vale
Where willows weep, and to the gale
  Their sighing branches fling,
A peerless flower unfolds its leaves
When eve her mystic mantle weaves,
  And twilight waves its wing.

And never since that golden morn
When earliest flowers of time were born
  'Neath Eden's cloudless sky,
Has evening shed its weeping dew
Or stars looked from their homes of blue
  On one with it could vie.

For that sweet flower the silver wave
That weeps beneath the Indian's grave
  And echoes still his song,
As it sweeps onward to the sea,
Pours strains of plaintive melody
  Its winding shores along.

To it was, at its natal hour,
By her who reigns in Flora's bower,
  Immortal beauty given;
And when from off its native shore
It greets the evening star no more,
Where Eden's sunny waters pour,
  'Twill fadeless bloom in heaven.

THE ANTHEM OF HEAVEN.

Through the dark realm of chaos, ere the morning of time,
The strains of an anthem pealed onward sublime;
Swelling up from the harps of angels on high,
Unechoed they swept down the dim, starless sky.

The sun, moon, and earth, and stars were not there,
To catch the grand strains of that heavenly air;
But on, ever on, through dim chaos and night,
They bent their grand, solemn, and measureless flight.

When God, by his word, spoke in being the earth,
Those strains echoed back, sung in heaven its birth,
And sun, moon, and stars beneath Jehovah's glance,
In beautiful order wheeled into the dance.

And now, where the farthest bright, tremulous star
On the horizon's verge drives its silvery car,
The strains of that anthem are reëchoed back,
As that to their music pursues its bright track.

The sky-piercing mountain, the shadowy vale,
The cloud that unfolds its white, vapory sail,
The flower that blooms by the cataract's roar,
And ocean along its desolate shore,

Adoringly feel and respond to those tones;
And the proud heart of man their sweet influence owns,
When they swell on the wings of the dark tempest's night,
Or breathe through the calm of the weeping twilight.

To their music in time the wide universe sweeps
In its grand stately march through unlimited deeps;
From the loveliest to which Chaldeans prayed,
To the insect that winds his small horn in the shade.

When the Archangel's trump, with its loud pealing strain,
Shall wake their long sleepers from mountain and plain,
The strains of that hymn will swell higher and higher,
And blend with the roar of time's funeral pyre.

Then onward sublimely, unanswered once more;
Through the dim, starless sky they will sweep as of yore,
And forever bend down their long, measureless flight,
Through the dim, rayless regions of chaos and night.

TO HELEN.

WRITTEN BY E. A. POE, WHEN FOURTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
  Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
  The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
  To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
  Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
  To the glory that was Greece
  And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
  How statue-like I see thee stand!
The agate lamp within thy hand,
  Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
  Are Holy Land!

LIGEIA.

ALSO WRITTEN BY POE IN HIS BOYHOOD.

Ligeia! Ligeia!
  My beautiful one,
Whose harshest idea
  Will to melody run,

Say, is it thy will,
On the breezes to toss,
Or, capriciously still,
Like the lone albatross,
Incumbent on night,
(As she on the air,)
To keep watch with delight
On the harmony there?

THE MOTHER TO HER SON IN THE TRENCHES AT PETERSBURGH.

The winter night is dark and chill,
The winter rains the trenches fill—
Oh! art thou on the outposts still
My soldier boy?

Thy mother's heart is sick with fear,
The moaning winds sound sad and drear,
The foeman lurks in ambush near
My soldier boy!

One treacherous shot may lay thee low;
My stricken heart, with such a blow,
Nor rest nor peace again would know,
My soldier boy!

Thy tender years and soft brown eyes
Ill suited seem to such emprise;
But in thy soul the manhood lies,
My soldier boy!

I think by day and dream by night,
I start at tidings of the fight,
And learn thee safe with such delight,
My soldier boy!

Cheerful and bright thou dost essay
To chase my every fear away,
And turn the night into the day,
My soldier boy!

In thee I gave what most I love.
For thy return, thou weary dove,
I lift my fervent prayer above,
My soldier boy!

Temper the wind to my dear child,
O God! and curb the winter wild,
And keep in thy embraces mild
My soldier boy!

W. D. PORTER.

GATHERING SHELLS.

WANDERING on the shores of memory,
Gathering up the fragments cast
By the surging waves of feeling
From the ocean of the past.
Here a shell and there a pebble,
With its edges worn away
By the rolling of the waters,
By the dashing of the spray.

Some lie smooth and many-tinted
High upon the glistening sand;
Others, sharp and freshly scattered,
Wound when taken in the hand.
Here a wreck of by-gone treasures
Garnered in our early years,
Gathered now in hidden caverns,
Crusted with the salt of tears.

Every hope and every sorrow
That the heart hath ever known—
Vessels launched in youth's bright hour
On the shadowy beach are thrown;
Here are pleasure-boats that glided
O'er smooth waters for a while,
There, rich argosies of feeling,
Freighted with a tear or smile.

Joy that vanished ere 'twas tasted,
Is but sea-weed wet with spray:
Eagerly we seek to grasp it—
Lo! its beauties fade away.
Floating in the brilliant future,
It was dipped in rainbow-dyes,
But upon the sands of memory
Now in tangled masses lies.

Here are wrecks of early friendships,
Living only in the past,
Vessels which were far too fragile
To withstand life's cutting blast.
By them nobler barks are lying,
Barks that weathered every gale;
Till on death their life-boats shattered—
These were never known to fail.

Round about are fragments lying
Of the cargoes which they bore;
And on each these words are graven:
"Friend, we've only gone before."
Oh! it gives both pain and pleasure
To reflect that when we die,
Shattered on the sands of memory,
Thus in loving hearts we lie.

MRS. MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

TOO LATE.

I HEAR it forever! It sounds in my ear
Like the sigh of the pine when the wind-cloud is near,
Or the moan of the ocean that sobs on the shore,
When wailing the wrath of the storm that is o'er.

As the ghost of the miser, in slumber unblest,
Haunts ever the spot where its treasure doth rest;
Sad mem'ry returns unto days that have fled,
And the "dead past" seeks vainly to "bury its dead."

No hope hath my soul this refrain shall cease;
Time doth not assuage—Death will not release;
More sad than the raging of passion or hate
Is the voice of despair when it whispers "*too late!*"

Too late to amend—too late to atone,
'Tis grief unavailing that's left me alone;
For the red stain of sin, though we steep it in tears,
Like a scar on the soul, through life reäppears.

The head of the mountain, though hoary with snow,
Cools not the fierce fire that rages below;
And if the hot lava has rolled down its side,
Kind nature seeks vainly the traces to hide.

O Faith! canst thou whisper no comfort to those
Whose hearts, like the geysers, boil e'en in repose?
Untamed by misfortune, unsated with sin,
Yet longing for peace and comfort within.

Still passing the road which leads unto death,
With good resolutions that melt with a breath;
Still hoping 'gainst hope that they backward have prest
The fiery passions that boil in each breast;

That belief is triumphant, and banished each doubt—
The geyser extinct—the volcano burnt out:
Till despair lowly whispers, "This, this is thy fate,
To yield to the stream, and lament when *too late!*"

MRS. MARY BAYARD CLARKE.

A PICTURE OF LIFE.

THOU gentle brook, by thy sweet side,
With lingering steps, I love to stray,
And hear the ripple of thy tide
Make music on its joyous way.

Chafed by thy pebbly bed below,
I see thee now in bubbles foam;
And now I mark thy wavelets flow,
In glassy smoothness gliding home.

Now thou art lost in yonder dell,
  Where matted foliage hides from sight,
In darkness there awhile to dwell,
  Then laughing leap once more to light.

Now thy bright surface takes the beam,
  To throw it back to yonder sun;
And now again thou hid'st thy stream,
  And all unseen thy waters run.

Thus light and shade alternate play
  Upon thy current flowing free;
And musing on thy changeful way,
  A moral hast thou taught to me.

The brook is life; the pebbly bed,
  The trials that keep pure the stream;
The bubbles, airy hopes that fled
  Like visions of a vanished dream.

The leafy darkness of the dell
  Is sorrow's cloud of faithless fears;
The sunny light, the joys that swell
  When Heaven has kissed away our tears.

But, gentle brook, the pebbly bed
  I see is not thy changeless lot,
Nor bubbling foam, nor darkness dread,
  But many a sweet and sunny spot.

So trials sore and hopes delayed,
  And sorrow's cloud, are not the whole
That God on earth for man has made—
  For there is sunlight for the soul.

Nor light nor shade we changeless see;
  The stream runs dark, and now 'tis bright.
In light then let me grateful be;
  In darkness, patient, waiting light.

Rev. Francis L. Hawkins, D.D.

BAD HABITS.

Weaving silently round the soul,
  Crawls the spider of sin;
"Who can not break his weak control?"
  Nothing but threads he can spin.
Nothing but threads, thin little threads,
  Beautiful sunshiny strings,
Round our hands, our feet, our heads;
  "Who fears such bright little things?"
See, see! that silken glistening thread!
  'Tis red as it swings in the breeze;
It waves and it sways till it wraps round my head;
  "Who cares what father or mother has said?
I say and I'll do what I please."

See, see! another; 'tis green, but 'tis bright;
It dances and tosses like fun;
It floats in the sunbeam, it bathes in the light,
It winds round my hands, and it binds them tight,
And I do what I would not have done.

Another; oh! that is a bright golden thread;
Ah! 'tis strong and 'tis thick, though 'tis bright;
It catches my feet and it draws them along,
And I follow, not willing, a wild noisy throng,
And they lead me far out in the night.
My head, my hands, my feet are now bound;
What would I not give to be free!
I can not unwrap them, my strength can not break,
And they've lost all their brightness to me.

BALTIMORE, MD. ISABELLA R. BYRNE.

IDYL.

TO M. N. T.

I.

A VISION which I had of late,
By the orchard's lattice-gate,
Let this simple song relate.

Vision of a little girl,
With a cheek of peach and pearl,
And the promise of a curl!

Daintily in white arrayed,
Borne by Ethiopian maid,
Blending well with light and shade.

Dimpled hand on dusky neck,
Ebony, with silver fleck,
'Twixt a turban and a check!

By the cedar's scented gloom,
By the violet's perfume,
By the jasmine's golden bloom,

By the graceful hawthorn-tree,
By the stately hickory—
Pausing for a kiss from me!

Melting where the sunlight shines
On the blossomed nectarines,
Melting down the orchard lines;

II.

Melts, but bids before me rise
A wiser pair of wider eyes,
In a wide world of surprise;

And a world of rapture swells
In her accent, as she tells
All the legends of our dells:

Where the wild bee builds her cells,
Where the humming-birdie dwells,
Where the squirrel drops the shells!

Voice, by soul of music stirred,
Eloquent in tone and word,
Mocks the very mocking-bird.

And she knows the ways of fruit,
All the tricks of bud and shoot,
All the secrets of the root.

Much that wiser folks call weeds,
Her wide horticulture heeds;
Boundless her delight in seeds

Leave her to her slender hoe!
Let the seasons come and go!
Let the flowers and maiden grow!

III.

Another presence! bright yet pure,
With mien more modest than demure,
Not our little maiden, sure!

Yes! by dimpled cheek and chin,
Violet eyes and velvet skin,
'Tis our "Summer-child" again,

'Mid the roses she hath wrought,
'Mid the lilies, till she caught
Health and grace in form and thought.

Greet her, all ye clustered blooms!
Apples, peaches, pears, and plums!
Greet your sweetest, as she comes!

By the cedar's scented breath,
By the violets underneath,
By the jasmine's golden wreath.

Crown her with your fragrant hands,
All bright things from all bright lands,
Crown your brightest, where she stands,

By the graceful hawthorn-tree,
By the stately hickory,
Pausing for a kiss from me.

TORCH HILL, April 15, 1858. F. O. T.

ADELE ST. MAUR.

ADELE poised her light, graceful figure upon a broken pedestal in the Campagna, in the attitude of Canova's Dancing-Girl Reposing. In her fantastic play, she thought herself entirely alone, not a living being in sight or hearing, when she suddenly became aware of the fact that a pair of dark eyes, whose brilliancy even the twilight did not conceal, were fixed upon her. She saw that she was mistaken for a statue, and she determined to maintain her position until the unwelcome intruder should pass on. But he folded his arms, and leaned against the trunk of a tree and seemed quite at his ease and quite at leisure, and the position upon one foot was too fatiguing to be long maintained. So with a palpitating heart, she calculated the distance she could spring on the side farthest from the stranger—made the projected bound and ran off as fast as possible. The gentleman brought his reclining figure bolt upright, stood for a second in extreme astonishment, and then, like a hound on the track of a deer, sprang after the fugitive. When she found herself pursued, terror lent wings to her feet; but a stalwart young Englishman, accustomed to all sorts of athletic exercises, is not easily beaten in a foot-race, and Adele soon felt a strong arm thrown around her, and a laughing voice exclaim—"Ho! my little signorino; marble figures are not usually so fleet of foot—pray explain."

But the child turned upon him with such a defiant gesture and such flashing eyes, that he involuntarily relinquished his hold, and retreated a pace or two, even before the "How dare you, sir?" issued from the childish lips as naturally as from those of an insulted woman. Alfred Mowbray had a vague sense of having not captured an Italian peasant child, but of having offered a rudeness to a full-grown English lady. For although those eyes flashed like an Italian's, they were not Italian eyes—although the little head reared itself like an enraged cobra, it was not an Italian head. Large blue eyes they were, and the complexion was snowy, and the golden hair rippled over neck and shoulders like that of Guido's Magdalene. But a second glance somewhat reassured the young Englishman. The little figure before him *could not* have seen more than twelve summers, so doffing his cap with mock humility he said,

"If your august highness, majesty, or whatever else your dignity may be, does not fancy being chased and caught, you should not go playing tricks upon unwary strangers after that fashion."

The little girl's manner instantly changed—her face crimsoned with shame, and with tearful eyes and pouting lips, she said:

"I did not know that any one was near—I was only playing."

"No harm done, carissima, you looked charmingly—Canova never had so pretty a model, I am sure. Now you will pardon me, will you not, and tell me your name?" Adele gave a sweeping glance all around, hoping to see if her faithful old attendant Bernardina, had not returned. But no Bernardina was to be seen. She had told her little charge to remain here, thinking it a safe, secluded spot, until she should return from the errand of charity upon which she had gone. Adele, notwithstanding her recent brave defense of her dignity, was still terribly afraid of the stranger, and would have told him her name, or any thing else he asked her; but she knew her father shunned Englishmen as he would the pestilence, and was always particularly afraid that some of his countrymen might learn his name and place of residence. Completely embarrassed, and at a loss for a reply, she stood twisting her fingers nervously together, and looking down upon the ground.

"*My* name is Alfred Mowbray"—

the child started—"and your countryman, if I am not mistaken in thinking you English."

"I can not tell you my name—the English treated my poor papa so badly that he does not wish to know any of them. He says he has no country and"—her voice faltering—"no kindred."

A stout middle-aged Italian woman now hurried up, and seizing the little girl's hand drew her away, talking in an eager, remonstrating tone. They were soon out of sight, and young Mowbray walked slowly back to the broken pedestal. On the grass beside it, something white glistened in the light of the now risen moon. On stooping to pick it up, he found it was a child's handkerchief—and when he came to a street-lamp, he read, daintily written upon one corner, "Adele St. Maur." "So I have learned your name, you little witch," he muttered to himself, "and I think it is probable some of my own blood runs in your veins; for St. Maur was the name of that renegade, penniless officer, who ran off with my aunt Adele some fifteen years ago, and almost broke my grandfather's heart, and quite broke my poor aunt Mildred's. I must find out these people."

When Adele told her father that evening of her adventure, and that the young stranger's name was Alfred Mowbrey, his dark face grew darker than she had ever before seen it. He drew her toward him fiercely, and said in a tone quivering with emotion: "My child, your grandfather's name, as I have told you before, was Alfred Mowbray, but I now tell you what I never told you before, and that is, that but for his cruelty, your mother would be living to bless the lives of her poor husband and child to-day. I have always considered you too young to listen to her sad history, but now you shall hear it. Your grandfather, Sir Alfred Mowbray, was induced by his father to marry a lady for whom he felt no love, and this poor lady died a few years after their marriage leaving one child—a son. Sir Alfred then married a lady distinguished for her beauty and fascinating manners, and to her he was devotedly attached; but she also died in a few years, leaving twin daughters, your mother, and your aunt Mildred, who died recently. Your grandfather, while he showed his son but little affection, devoted his life to his beautiful daughters. I need not tell you how I met your mother; but she loved me, and finding her father inexorably opposed to our marriage, we were married without his consent; she fondly hoping that her father, who had never refused a wish of hers, except in this matter, would forgive her as soon as he knew that she was really married. But he was as hard and relentless as a rock. For the first year of our marriage, she seemed happy, for she fondly believed that her father's forgiveness was only a question of time, and that he could not persist in shutting out from his heart and home his darling Adele. You were then born, and your poor mother used every endeavor to regain the lost place in her father's heart, but every effort only served the more to convince her that it was hopeless. She could not bear the trial, and sank under it. From the day she was married, she never saw either her father, sister, or brother. Recently I heard of your aunt Mildred's death, and your grandfather has now come to Rome to ask—listen, my Adele—to ask that I shall give him my child! To ask that the child of my broken-hearted wife shall be given to him whose cruelty killed her! All his pride is gone now, and he condescends to make every concession to the once despised and penniless officer. But," he added, fiercely springing to his feet, "he shall never, *never* gain the boon he asks—he shall not even see my beautiful darling." Adele looked at her father's knotted brow and dilated nostrils with fear—she had never seen him under the influence of so strong a passion before. But she knew not, in her bewildered little child's heart, that conscience was whispering throughout this gust of passion, "You robbed the poor old man of his child, and although it was

his duty to forgive, is it not also *yours* to make some reparation?"

After walking the room rapidly for a few minutes, Colonel St. Maur sat down again, and Adele, drawing close to his side, kissed him timidly and said: "Papa, do you not think my poor mamma would have wished my grandfather to see me?" He winced as if in pain, and said slowly, "I—of course, my child—your mother would have been perfectly happy if this proud and cruel grandfather of yours would have condescended to look at you. But he would not—and now he shall not."

"But, papa dear, it makes you so unhappy to be so angry with any one," her eyes filling with tears; "if you would make friends with my grandfather, would you not be happier? I am always miserable when I quarrel with any one until we have made friends again. And then he loved his daughter very much, I suppose—as much as you love me, papa, and if I should be ungrateful to you"—she stopped, embarrassed at what she was going to say, and her father, looking into her eyes fully, said, "I would forgive you, my darling—you could do nothing for which I would not forgive you."

The next morning Adele was dressed by Bernardina in traveling costume, and when she came down to breakfast, found her father also equipped for a journey and full of business, reading papers, etc. After kissing him good-morning, she asked in wonder: "Where are we going, papa? Bernardina said she did not know."

"We are going to the Crimea, love—to live in tents and fight the Russians."

"Oh! are we really, papa? *are* you going into service again?"

"Yes, darling, and you have not more than fifteen minutes for your breakfast; so lose no time—you are going to be 'la fille du regiment.'"

"And is Bernardina going too?" said Adele with some sinking of the heart. She was relieved by a hasty "Yes, yes," and the carriage stood at the door. When she was seated, she slipped her hand in her father's and said: "Dear papa, won't you—for my mother's sake—say good-by to my grandfather before you leave Rome?" Again the dark cloud gathered on the stern man's face, but after pausing a moment, he directed the coachman to drive to a hotel in the Piazza de Spagna. They were soon at the designated spot, and Colonel St. Maur silently conducted his child up the broad marble stairs.

Adele trembled as the noble-looking old gentleman into whose presence she was ushered took her into his arms, and with his tears falling upon her face, said in a broken voice: "Colonel St. Maur, I thank you—from my soul, I thank you for this unlooked-for and undeserved kindness."

Colonel St. Maur explained to him that he was leaving Rome, and was taking his child with him to the army. Sir Alfred, without ever once taking his sad yearning eyes from the face of the child, and in a hopeless sort of way, remonstrated against it—saying that neither the moral nor physical atmosphere of the camp were fit for a child of this tender age, and then detailed, with trembling eagerness, the advantages of the pure air of his place in Westmoreland—how much better and happier it would be for her in an English home with a pious governess, etc. St. Maur listened unmoved, and with folded arms, said quietly: "A soldier's daughter must learn to share a soldier's hardships. But I assure you she will be well taken care of—the wife of my friend Colonel D—— will take charge of her; and if any thing should befall me, she will be sent to England, to your care." Sir Alfred raised his tall figure, and said: "Promise me this, St. Maur, promise that you will make such arrangements as will place my grandchild in my care, in case she is placed beyond yours." "I promise," replied St. Maur, and the two gentlemen clasped hands cordially and solemnly; for upon St. Maur's mind was impressed one of those vivid flashes of "coming events," casting not their shadows, but their lurid lights before, that he felt convinced he would never return from the expedition upon which he was now starting.

CHAPTER II.

Lanstead Abbey was one of those exquisite English places, where the splendor of the palace is united with all the sweet domesticity and individuality of home. The gray walls sprang from the soft emerald turf as if they grew from it—now projecting into the broad sun-light—now sinking into cool shadowy recesses. The morning sun poured its glory over the grand old pile—bringing out buttress and pinnacle, tower and gable, gothic arch and traceried window; and darting also into that east breakfast-room, touches the gray locks of the old man who sits there with a silvery radiance, and the brown curls of the young man who sits there with a golden. The same old man whom we saw in the Piazza di Spagna—the same young man who won the foot-race on the Campagna. But it is not the sun-light which now sends the faint color over the fair, wrinkled cheek of the old man. It must be something in the paper which he holds in his hand which moves him so—for now he clasps his hands in silent prayer, and then he speaks to his grandson.

"Alfred, Colonel St. Maur has been killed at Balaklava!"

"Indeed, sir! Then I suppose you wish me to go for his child."

"Yes, and I will go also. Give orders that every thing shall be ready for our journey by to-morrow morning."

"I will, sir."

And they go forth—the old man seeking his lost Dead in the Living—the young man seeking the beautiful and poetic child who played Canova's Dancing-Girl upon the Campagna.

CHAPTER III.

The steamer plows the waters of the Euxine sea with a heavy freight. A freight of aching hearts and pain-racked bodies. The battle of Balaklava sent many a brave, good man to his grave, and the brave and good always carry with them the heart-strings of father, mother, brother, sister, wife and child. The vessel is crowded with wounded soldiers—some hoping to reach England ere they die—others fondly believing they will grow well and strong when they reach home. But the heaviest freight are the hearts of bereaved ones—those who mourn their dead left upon a foreign soil—or those who carry with them the sacred remains to place them with their kindred dust.

Our poor little Adele lies with her head in Bernardina's lap, her eyelids swollen with weeping; all the roses have faded from her cheeks, leaving only the snowy whiteness, which makes her more resemble a storm-drenched snow-drop than any thing else. And the plaintive, incessant wail, "Papa! papa! O papa, my poor papa!" seems to fill Bernardina with despair. She has listened to it for day and night, vainly striving to soothe and quiet the stricken little one. An old Jew with a flowing beard is seated near them on deck, and looks toward them with deep sympathy. At last, without speaking, he goes below and returns with a glass of iced water, and taking from his valise a small vial, pours a few drops from it into the glass, and presenting it to Bernardina, begs her to give it to the young lady, saying it would act as a sedative, which she evidently so much needed. Bernardina had not observed him until this moment, and she now hesitated, but catching at any thing that promised relief, she took the glass, and placed it to the feverish lips of her little charge. Adele drank it eagerly, and in a few moments sank into a profound slumber. Bernardina looked gratefully toward the old Jew, and in a faint voice, thanked him for his kindness.

"You look very ill yourself," said

he, "I am afraid you are worn out with fatigue and grief."

"I am afraid," she answered, "that I *am* going to have an attack of illness." And then she added, clasping her hands, "what will become of Miss St. Maur?"

"Have you no friends with you?" he asked.

"No," she answered. "Colonel D—— was also killed; and his wife who had charge of the child was raving with grief, and I thought it best to try to reach Rome, where I expect to find Miss St. Maur's grandfather. But I feel so strangely ill that I begin to feel alarmed about myself." The leaden hue of her face and the pinched appearance about her nose, confirmed her words, and a strong shiver passed over her frame. The Jew procured a cushion, and gently lifted Adele's head and placed the cushion under it, saying to Bernardina: "Now go and lie down and I will find the English surgeon who is on board and send him to you."

"Thank you, my friend," said she, "and if you can find a priest send him also;" and she added, catching his arm and looking into his face, "*will* you—for you look like one to be trusted—*will* you watch beside Miss St. Maur until I return?"

"I will," replied the Jew in a tone which left no doubt on Bernardina's mind. He found the surgeon and the priest each at his post of duty, among the wounded soldiers, and after sending them on the new errand of mercy, he returned to the sleeping child. He kept his watch for long hours, and Adele slept on, as pale, as motionless, almost, as the blood-stained dead who lay so near her, in their coffins. Presently a solitary figure began to pace the deck, and the Jew saw it was the English surgeon; softly approaching him, he asked how the sick woman was faring.

"No better; a hopeless case of cholera; she will not live until morning," was the reply. "And there are two other cases on board, and I advise you to get that young lady out of this infected atmosphere as soon as possible. She is in your charge, I presume."

"No," said the Jew, "she has no attendant but the sick woman; but I will take care of her until she reaches her friends who are in Rome. We will arrive at Constantinople by day-break, and I will then have both conveyed to a safer locality."

"What is the name of the young lady?"

"She is Miss St. Maur, daughter of Colonel Henry St. Maur, who was killed in the recent battle."

"Indeed, and who are you?"

"My name," said the Jew haughtily in reply to this abrupt questioning, "is Lionel Benjamin. My son is head of the ——— Department in the Crimea."

"Ah!" said the surgeon extending his hand, "I am happy to know you. Your son has been of the greatest service to our army. I am Dr. C——, of —— division."

"Your name is familiar to me," said the Jew. "I have been much with the soldiers for some months past." A young officer on crutches now appreached and Dr. C—— related the conversation which had just taken place. "Poor St. Maur! he was one of my best friends. And this sleeping child is his daughter. What an exquisite beauty!" And with the ever ready appreciation of the artist, he drew out his drawing materials and commenced sketching the pallid face, and the slight figure which lay in its motionless weariness, in the light of the overhanging lamp.

CHAPTER IV.

When Adele was told of her new misfortune, nature gave way; brain fever set in, and for a time she was unconscious of every thing. Mr. Ben-

jamin had her conveyed to the house of one of his own race, where the gentle Jewesses skilled in medical lore nursed her with all tenderness. When the fever subsided and consciousness returned, Adele was too weak for any violent outburst of grief. Helpless as an infant, she lay watching calmly every object around her, the shadow of the trembling leaves, which fell through the open window upon the counterpane, or the shifting rays of light as they glanced across the floor.

Mr. Benjamin remained in Constantinople until she was able to be moved, and then learning, from a reliable source that Sir Alfred Mowbray was not in Rome, he determined to take her to his own house in Venice until he could write and ascertain her grandfather's whereabouts.

The voyage thither was almost a blank to Adele. Her whole heart was filled with one dull absorbing pain, and her kind guardian wondered at an excess of sorrow which he considered so unnatural in a child. His wife and daughter exerted themselves to the utmost to entertain and interest their Christian guest, and so kind and gentle were they, that Adele soon learned to love them, and love always exerts a soothing effect. Love is happiness, and happiness is health, both to the soul and to the body. Eva and Sarah Benjamin were fully grown girls, and Sarah was a year or two older than Adele; little Joseph was a bright little boy of six years of age; and old Leah, a kind motherly old Jewess who lived with them, completed the family. Mrs. Benjamin was a beautiful woman, and as tender toward the little waif cast upon her care as a mother could have been.

But though Adele learned to love them and felt very grateful for their kindness, she always felt that between her mind and theirs was a barrier which could not be passed. Their faces were beautiful, but upon them all was imprinted a spiritual dullness, a vail which seemed to place them far off from her. Their dark soft eyes were loving and intelligent; but there was something there which impressed Adele with an idea which she did not like to admit to herself—an idea that they were like the beautiful eyes of a fawn or a spaniel, and that no soul looked from those human windows. But her own grief was still too recent for her to speculate upon these things, and she would lie with her hand in Sarah's for hours, while Sarah read to her English books. One morning, she said:

"Sarah, I have been praying every day since my dear papa was killed, that God would give me some evidence, some assurance, that he was saved. And this morning, I felt so comforted while praying—it seemed as if God were listening in pity. Won't you bring me my portfolio? It is in the trunk marked No. 2. I wish to read all papa's old letters."

Sarah brought the portfolio. On opening it, the first thing Adele saw was a sealed letter, addressed to her in her father's handwriting. Her hands trembled so that she could scarcely open it, but when torn open, her eager eyes devoured the contents. Sarah looked at her with wonder, as with glittering eyes and lips apart apparently breathless, she looked from line to line, from page to page. She then exclaimed, "My God, I thank thee! Oh! enable me to devote my whole life to thee for this great goodness," and the first tears she had shed since the fever left her, forced themselves through her closed eye-lids, and were absorbed by the precious paper upon which her cheek was pressed. Sarah kissed her fondly, her own tears flowing in sympathy, and said:

"Then you are relieved about your dear father?"

"Yes this letter was written the day before the battle, and he says he puts all his trust in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and with his brother officers had that day received the sacrament." And her face glowed with rapture which to Sarah seemed unearthly. She was

thinking too, all the time, "Can these Christians be so entirely mistaken?" and her mind rapidly ran over what she supposed were incontrovertible errors. "They worship a woman—a Jewish woman; they worship images, which God has expressly said were not to be bowed down to; they neglect all the purifications which are so necessary to health; the priests shave their beards and their hair off, which God has expressly forbidden, (Ezekiel 44 : 20;) and they eat all kinds of unclean food, which God forbids. *They can not be right.* But I have never seen a Jew who attached so much importance to his religion as this Gentile girl does to hers; but my mother says God's people never seem to believe the truth so firmly as the heathen believe in error."

Adele now began to improve very fast; the heavy weight was removed from her mind, and the whole world began to seem joyous and happy to her again; not that her father was ever out of her mind for an hour, but she had the inexpressible relief of thinking of his safety and happiness, and that she would see him again. Her young companions were delighted to see her spirits begin to improve, and she was soon able to go out with them in a gondola and see the city. Her room was furnished with oriental magnificence, and in the bathing-room adjoining a stream of flowing water ran constantly through a marble basin, and poured itself downward through a tube into the court-yard below. Old Leah, who was a very devout Jewess, said to her one day: "I suppose, little lady, you have always been accustomed to bathing in warm water; but our law commands running water, for all manner of personal impurity." Adele did not much like this old woman; she had a coarse Jewish face, and she shrank from her with instinctive repugnance. "I suppose running water in the Bible only means fresh or pure water, and it could be warmed, I should think, without lessening its purity," said Adele. "Not that I wish warm water; cold water answers very well; but you are more particular than most Jews I think; those who lived in the Ghetto at Rome looked as if they never used either warm or cold water."

"Alas!" said the old woman shaking her head, "some of our people are very corrupt. They have forsaken the law of their fathers; but we still have our scriptures pure, and we *know* our duty, if we do it not."

"I can not think, though," said Adele, "that you understand your Scriptures rightly, or you would be Christians."

"Our law forbids us to be Christians," said Leah.

Adele was not an adept in controversy, but she looked so clearly and decidedly incredulous that Leah went on.

"Our law forbids us to worship images, as the Christians do—"

"You are mistaken," interrupted Adele, "in thinking all Christians worship images. The Protestant Christians condemn it as much as you do."

"Oh!" said Sarah, running into the room, laughing, "you are not trying to argue Nurse Leah into believing Christianity. I think you will remove mountains first."

Adele looked very grave; it seemed to her a terrible thing for any one to reject the Saviour of mankind. She looked from the aged Leah to the youthful Sarah—both with such strongly marked Jewish faces; the former ugly as the witch of Endor; the latter as beautiful as the Sarah—princess—who tempted Egypt's Pharaoh. Yet in both appeared that mystic vail—that cloud which seemed to envelop their souls and shut them out from the Sun of Righteousness.

"Come away from Leah," said Sarah, drawing Adele's arm within hers, "she is a little cross sometimes, and I see she has said something to make you unhappy."

"Far be it from me," replied Leah,

"to treat the stranger and orphan with aught save kindness."

Adele left the room with Sarah, but she still looked grave and sad.

"Come," said Sarah coaxingly, "do not look so grieved—you seemed quite happy this morning—what has occurred to distress you?"

"O Sarah! I can not bear to think that you do not believe in Christ. I love you so much; but when I go away, I fear I shall never see you again."

"Oh! yes," said Sarah, "papa is going to take us to London next winter, and we shall probably see you there."

"I did not mean that," said Adele. "I mean that we may be separated in eternity. And this life appears to us long, but it is really so short in comparison to eternity, that—"

"We will certainly go to heaven," said Sarah, "we always keep the Law, and we are Karaite Jews—not Rabbinists."

"But the law will not save you," said Adele. "I had a governess, Miss De Leon, who was a converted, I mean a Christian Jewess, and she said the Jews *before* the coming of the Messiah, were not saved by observance of the law alone—but by looking *beyond* the law to a divine saving power. If they loved God, as they were commanded in the first commandment, this great love would make them think their best observance of the law deserved no reward; and they trusted to a promised Saviour. A really holy man sees no merit in himself—he is so accustomed to studying the holiness, perfection of God, that in comparison he feels himself nothing. He is required to walk 'humbly with his God.' You know that is what your Scriptures say? Do you think David trusted to his observance of the law to save him. You know sacrifices and offerings were commanded in the law, yet David said: 'Thou desirest not in sacrifice—thou delightest not in burnt-offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God! thou wilt not despise.'"

Sarah listened earnestly and thoughtfully.

"But Miss De Leon said that does not mean that we were not to observe the law, but we were not to trust to any righteousness of our own for salvation. And a person who had been a very wicked man, and repents immediately before his death and trusts in Christ alone, will be saved, while a person who has been a strict, outward observer of the law all his life, and does not trust to the Messiah, can not be saved. I say *outward observer*, for if he has in his heart loved God with all his strength, he must necessarily be enlightened."

"But can not we trust to God and not to the Christian's Messiah? My mother and my aunt Miriam were talking about it yesterday, and they said a Jew could not believe in three Gods and a goddess—the Virgin Mary."

Adele was so shocked that she became pale. "O Sarah! we believe in but one God. We Protestants do not worship the Virgin Mother; but my dear nurse Bernardina," —here her eyes filled with tears— "was a Roman Catholic. And she used often to take me to her church after Miss De Leon went away. But Miss De Leon and my papa were Protestants, and although they consider the Mother of our Saviour the most blessed of women, they do not worship her."

"But you worship God the Father, and God the Son, and—" Adele placed her hand over her lips. "Do not say any more, Sarah." Her eyes were round with a feeling of awe and fear. "Do not talk about these holy things. I will explain to you what we believe; I once heard a priest explain it to Bernardina. He said: 'There is the snow upon the mountain side; the sun shines upon it and the snow melts into water; the water upon the blowing of a cold wind, freezes into ice. There are snow, and water, and ice, yet it is the same thing.

God is but one, yet he is God the creator, God the redeemer, and God the sanctifier.' "

"I see," said Sarah slowly, "it is quite different from what I thought. But still I can not see that the—your Saviour—is really the Messiah."

"I can not explain to you all the reasons for our belief, for I am very ignorant, but I think if there were no other proof than that his disciples, who were ready to die for him, gave us a history of his life in which no man since has been able to find a fault—that would be sufficient proof. Miss De Leon said the way in which the sacrifices are spoken of in the Old Testament, showed clearly that the old time Jews must have been convinced that they pointed to some great sacrifice made once for all. And those of them who were truly godly people, recognized their Messiah in the Lord Jesus Christ. But those who were proud, their pride interposed between them and One who made no pretensions to earthly grandeur. And those who loved pleasure more than holiness, did not find any congeniality with One who taught such purity of life. And those who were avaricious, cared for nothing but the loaves and fishes which he could multiply at pleasure."

"But the Christians of these days are not such good people. Mother says the Jews do not commit any thing like so many crimes as the Christians."

"A Christian commit a crime!" exclaimed Adele, whose ideas of Christian character were formed by the example and precepts of the gentle Miss De Leon and her faithful old nurse; "what do you mean?"

"All these people in Venice are Christians, and they are constantly doing the most horrid things."

"But they are not really Christians—those who are wicked only call themselves Christians."

"Very few of them are good, I think," said Sarah.

"That is not the fault of their religion. Miss De Leon says the Jews always had a perfect law, yet very few of them led holy lives. You do not know the real Christians perhaps."

CHAPTER V.

Adele greatly enjoyed seeing the beautiful old buildings of Venice. Old Mr. Benjamin and Sarah were usually her companions in sight-seeing. Every thing was familiar to them, but they seemed delighted at the interest which Adele manifested in every thing. "Now, do not tell me when we come to St. Mark's—I think I shall know it by a beautiful description of it, which Miss De Leon once read to me. The writer said the buildings in front of the cathedral looked as if they had suddenly been struck back into lovely order and obedience, and stood at a distance that we might see it far away. And then he describes the cathedral as consisting of a multitude of pillars and white domes clustered into a pyramid of colored light; which appeared to be a treasure heap of gold and opal and mother of pearl. He said, underneath it was hollowed into five great porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory—sculpture of palm leaves and lilies, grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless net-work of buds and plumes. And then he described the solemn forms of the sculptured angels, robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded among the branches of Eden, when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. Then he

described the mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the cross; and above in the archivolts, a continuous chain of language and life—angels, and the signs of heaven, and the labors of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their golden strength, and the St. Mark's lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into marble foam and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst."

Adele paused breathless and laughed; and Sarah said:

"What a memory you have to remember all that! And I really do think it is great nonsense, for I was never struck with any extraordinary beauty of St. Mark's." They had stopped for Mr. Benjamin to make some little purchase, and Adele raised her eyes. Before her was St. Mark's. Yes, it was all there! Even to the white doves which she had forgotten in the description, but which filled the porches, "mingling the soft iridescence of their living plumes with the marble foliage, changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years." Adele's eyes filled with tears, and she thought of Madame de Staël's remark: "Architecture is frozen music." A grand *Te Deum* was St. Mark's.

They entered the church. The cross—the cross was the grand symbol to which all this beauty pointed—lifted and carved in every place and upon every stone. It was not the Madonna which was here the presiding deity. The third cupola over the altar represented the witness of the Old Testament to Christ, and showed him enthroned in its centre, surrounded by the patriarchs and prophets. The centre of the church was, however, the point upon which the poet-artists had spent their labors most conspicuously, and the two ideas which they strove to embody were, "*Christ is risen*," and "*Christ shall come.*"

But Miss De Leon had taught the English girl that image-worship was sinful, and she turned away, wondering in her own mind if any one ever in this world became capable of entirely separating truth from error.

When they reached home Adele found Leah in her room, placing a bouquet of freshly-cut exotics upon her toilette-table. "Thank you, Leah—you are very kind—you must forgive me for what I said about the Jews in Rome. I do really love the Jews; our Saviour was a Jew, and our Saviour's mother was a Jewess."

"Yes, the prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, was a Jew, not only in lineage but in religion: he was a holy man. If Christians kept the law as he did, they would be truly holy."

Adele prayed silently for guidance as to what she would say, and then replied:

"'The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.' 'For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending his own son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh.'"

"I have read your New Testament. I read it to please a dear young lady who was very kind to me once; but I was more firmly convinced than ever that Jesus of Nazareth never intended to abolish our holy law. He commands even the tithing of garden herbs not to be left undone, and he says: 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, before one jot or tittle of the law shall fail.'"

"Miss De Leon thought that the law was not abolished, and that breaking the smallest command was wrong; but it was a yoke too heavy to be borne without sustaining grace,

that is, that a person who is constantly watching his own actions to see whether they are in accordance with the rule, is miserable. He must look away from himself to Christ. But the law is still holy, just, and good."

"And can we be Christians and conform to all our law?" asked Leah in surprise.

"Certainly," said Adele, "there was a great company of Jewish Christians in the time of the Apostles, who observed the Jewish law. St. James the apostle said there were thousands, and they were all 'zealous of the law.'"

Leah looked at the bright young face before her, in its clear, innocent, earnest beauty, and she thought of Samuel in the temple.

"O Leah!" said Adele, catching the withered hands of the old woman—"I am ignorant—I can not instruct you, but there is one certain way of finding out the truth. Pray to God to enlighten you: he will certainly give wisdom to all who ask it sincerely. Promise me, won't you?"

"I will pray that the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob will show me whether Jesus of Nazareth be the Christ."

Adele's heart gave a bound of joy, for this solemnly spoken promise was to her an earnest that Leah's face was turned to the light, and she felt that she would find the truth.

CHAPTER VI.

When Sir Alfred Mowbray reached the Crimea and could learn nothing of his grand-daughter, the shock to him was very great. Colonel St. Maur's fellow-officers all declared that they thought the young lady had been sent to England; that immediately after the battle, there was so much confusion they did not remember seeing the child. That she had taken boat was certain, for Captain F—— had forwarded her luggage on a steamer bound for Constantinople. Doctor C—— had returned to England, or he could have told whose Samaritan care had enfolded the desolate little stranger—watched over her in illness, and surrounded her with all the sweet comforts of home.

Under the bitter disappointment, Sir Alfred's mind reeled, and he would talk about his daughter "Adele—poor lamb—she had made a very unfortunate marriage—but he had forgiven her—and he was searching for her," and it was piteous to see the trembling anxiety with which he looked at every lady who passed him, hoping to find his lost daughter. Alfred Mowbray was distressed at not finding the child, but far more distressed at the change the shock had wrought in his grandfather, and would constantly tell him that it was only a temporary thing. They would certainly hear some news of the missing one—probably find her in England when they reached home. But Sir Alfred would not hear of returning to England. "I must find my child," he would say, "I will travel the world over to find her. Do not talk to me, Alfred—you never loved your sister," and so he would wander on. The mail from England brought Mr. Benjamin's letter. Alfred rushed to his grandfather with the glad news. The old man wept and cried like a child, but seemed quieter after the first paroxysm was over than he had done for many weeks.

They reached Venice, and Alfred, leaving his grandfather in the care of a servant, went in search of his cousin. Sarah and Adele had just seated themselves in a gondola to go out when Alfred came up. Mr. Benjamin was with them; the silvery beard of the old man and his bright sparkling eyes formed a sort of background to the twin rose-buds—the two girls. Sarah with her dark eyes, brilliant complexion and faultless features, and Adele, with her profusion

of golden hair and lily-like fairness—what a contrast!—the diamond and the pearl.

Adele recognized immediately her pursuer on the Campagna, and she blushed and did not seem very glad to see him. But he was her rightful guardian, and good old Mr. Benjamin delivered her up, exacting the promise that she would return that evening and stay with them until her grandfather left Venice. Adele sat quietly beside her cousin, feeling very sad; it brought her father's death back to her so vividly, that, after a vain effort at self-control, she burst into tears. Alfred had all the virtues and faults of an Englishman, and although he would have given any thing to be able to comfort his little cousin, he was as much at a loss for words as though they did not understand each other's language. So it was a great relief to both when the gondola reached its destination. Adele was surprised at the change in her grandfather—so old, so feeble he had grown. His manner towards her was a blending of the stately grace of the old-time gentleman, with the most touching parental devotion. His mind had become more collected, and he would repeat every now and then, as if reminding himself, "This is my grandchild—the daughter of my poor Adele, who married Colonel St. Maur." Adele saw that he needed the most tender care, and she began to talk to him in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, which had the happiest effect upon him and he never wearied listening to her. "I am sure I am greatly indebted to old Mr. Benjamin for his kindness, my love. You must invite them all to Lanstead Abbey. Now tell me about your poor nurse again—she died so suddenly of cholera."

"Yes, grandpapa," but here her voice failed, and she buried her face in her handkerchief. He laid his hand caressingly on her head. "Poor child—poor child—just like her mother!" he muttered.

"I never could understand," she resumed in a low tone, "how it was I slept fourteen hours, when my dear Bernardina was so ill; she must have been very ill before I went to sleep; but I was so unhappy about papa that I did not notice it."

CHAPTER VII.

By the time Adele reached England, she and her cousin Alfred were fast friends. Sir Alfred seemed to have a new lease on life; he became strong and almost young again. Adele was his constant companion. Beautiful England! with what delight the young girl greeted the land she had thought of and dreamed of as home. She nestled into all her belongings at Lanstead Abbey as if she had lived there a hundred years; and she little knew what a radiance her own presence shed over the old place. She soon learned to know the cottage people on the estate. Her grandfather resumed his active habits in superintending his estate, and Adele soon became very wise in agriculture and stock-raising. She went with him over the cultivated fields and through pastures upon which the immense flocks of cattle grazed. She soon learned, to her grandfather's great delight, to distinguish a Devon from a Durham; and an Alderney from an Ayrshire.

In fact, her love for the open air was so great, that there was no part of the farm economy that she did not become familiar with—enriching land, draining meadows or upland, making plantations of young trees—any thing which enabled her to live in the sunshine and among the green trees. And she grew apace. Never was a child more indulged—both her grandfather and cousin Alfred seemed to have no greater pleasure than to carry out her wishes in every trifle.

All the neighboring ladies, who managed their daughters according

to the most approved rules, exclaimed when they saw Sir Alfred build a new conservatory, with a dome, almost like a mosque, to please the oriental taste of little miss. "Costly toy!" said Lady Talbot who lived at a beautiful place adjoining Lanstead. Adele had been so caressed and petted all her life, that she always had a sort of feeling of queenship, without being really spoiled. She was neither selfish nor self-willed. But she had none of that *mauvaise honte* so common to English girls. She was as unconscious of self as a kitten, and had a clear, straightforward way of looking at people which, child as she was, they sometimes found rather embarrassing. Sir Alfred felt constrained, at last, to yield to the remonstrances of his lady friends, and begin to look about for a governess for her. Many were recommended; but his choice was at last fixed upon a Mrs. Cecil, a widow lady of good family, and whose friends would have gladly supported her, but she preferred being independent. She was about forty, had a fine mind, highly cultivated, and great vivacity of manner. Adele found her a charming companion, and became greatly interested in her studies. When she was taught by Miss De Leon, she learned her lessons as a dull task, which must be accomplished to avoid distressing her kind and gentle friend. But Mrs. Cecil had a way of infusing a life and interest into her lessons which made study a real pleasure. She was a large masculine woman, not handsome, but yet with such a bright, honest face, such a dignified, graceful manner, and strong good sense regulating every action, that she had a charm greater than beauty. Sir Alfred esteemed her most highly, and Alfred pronounced her a real "brick." Sir Alfred seemed happy, and so he was generally, but he sometimes had his heart wrung with agony and remorse when any casual circumstance reminded him of his lost Adele and Mildred. "I broke my Adele's heart, and that broke Mildred's," and he would lock his door and throw himself upon his knees and pray for forgiveness and mercy. No one knew of these paroxysms except his old servant Carter, and he never spoke of them. The only trace they left was a new softness and tenderness of manner to all around him. "Godly sorrow worketh righteousness."

THE COMING OF CHRIST.

"And the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air."—1 Thess. 4 : 16, 17.

Life's strong and fevered and resistless pulse
Beats on as erst in ages past,
And men, grown confident as gods, in scoffing wisdom ask,
"Where is the promise of his coming?"
Others ne'er thinking of the future, give
All time and thought and wishes to the present—
Ignoring God and prophecy and conscience!

The recording angel, with expanded wing,
Hovers above the busy earth, and notes with care
God's chosen ones. Here, a little child,
Taught by a sainted mother, lisps, "Thy kingdom come,"
And knows and wishes what he asks.
Here, a holy man, vexed with the wrong and wickedness
And folly of his fellows, echoes still, "Thy kingdom come."
And again, a bereaved one, whose treasures all are stored in heaven,
Implores with broken heart, "Thy kingdom come."
And multitudes of Bible-taught, renewed minds,
With waiting expectation stand.

The setting sun falls on the beauteous world, lighting up
The gorgeous city and the verdant plain.
Anon the holy stars and silvery moon assert their sway,
Unnoticed by the busy city's throng, who hasten
To their various haunts—some to festive halls,
In revelry to while the hours; some to watch beside the dead;
Some to loved home-circles hie, to rest with joy
After the day's dull care. Here, in earnest conclave,
Statesmen sit; and there, with reckless folly, does the
Gambler stake his fortune on a throw.

In other climes are varied scenes; but all
Have for their central figure, Man—Man, with his joys,
His sorrows, hopes, and fears: all busily pursue their ends
This day as other days. On the battle-field the glittering hosts
Confront each other, with deadly purpose in their hearts.
The general's stern command goes forth,
Echoed from rank to rank, and swift obedience moves
The well-trained thousands; when suddenly
A strange, mysterious expectation falls upon the minds
Of men, arresting every motion save
The eager upturned eye, which sweeps the blue horizon.

Where midnight reigns, the sleepers suddenly awake,
And look and listen. All is still, all dark, not even
A sound of breeze upon the still night air.
All human eyes look up, not knowing why, in instant fear
Of some unknown but awful crisis.
Nor is the expectation vain; for now a trump,

As though the heavens were changed to one vast sound,
Fills air and sky and shakes the earth,
And thrillingly reverberates from pole to pole!
To the saint, ecstatic harmony—to the sinner, harrowing peal;
For well does all the human race conceive
The meaning of that thrilling, awful blast!
And now a light, before which pales the noon-day sun,
Yet mild and gentle to the Christian's eye as twilight haze,
Is seen in heaven afar; and nearer, nearer coming, resolves itself
Into a heavenly host innumerable. The glorious army comes—
Of saints, apostles, martyrs, prophets, angels, and archangels;
And in their midst enthroned, the risen Lord appears!
Nor eye hath seen, nor mind of man could possibly conceive,
The beauty, glory, love, omnipotence which beam
From His once tear-stained face.

Oh! what a fearful cry now rises from the doomèd earth!
All nations mourn, and call upon the solid mountains and the rocks
To hide them from the face of Him who sitteth on the throne,
And from the dreadful wrath of the slain Lamb.
The saints on earth, with trembling, yet with eager joy,
Stretch out their arms and cry, "My Saviour and my God!"
And those who are fettered least with sin begin,
By agency unseen, to rise and upward float.
Others, like Peter on the waves, in agony cry out, "Lord save us or we perish!"
"Oh! bid us come to thee." And Love in mercy answers, "Come!"
And they, too, join the heavenly host, which, moving
Swiftly round the earth, while still the clear, resounding blast
Of the last trump is heard, gather out the elect!
Then these redeemed, from every nation, kindred, people, tongue,
Cast themselves at Jesus' feet to hear his thrilling
"Come, ye blessed of my Father!"
Safe! safe! with Christ at last, like children nestling in a mother's arms.

Now one vast flame bursts o'er the sin-cursed earth,
Consuming every thing impure. The first baptism was by water;
The last by fire. Anon, regenerated, purified, and cleansed,
She, like a new-born planet, springs upon her path
And sings for joy. And glittering clouds about her gathering,
Pour their copious streams upon the soft, new, fragrant mould.
And balmy zephyrs play among the hills and vales, where verdure springs
Eternal!—for henceforth all is holy.

The saints shall now inherit this fair orb, and their risen Lord
Shall o'er them reign; and all the kingdoms of the earth become
The kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!
Oh! who can tell the intense, unutterable joy
With which those parted long by death
Now rush into each other's arms!
The mother and her long-mourned children meet—
Husband and wife—father and son—sister and sister—
Oh! what joy to meet again!
No more sorrow! no more sin! no more sickness!
No MORE DEATH!

THE HAVERSACK.

We have selected the above title for the caption of our army notes, because, like the Confederate article of the same name, though it may be occasionally crammed with good things by a successful raid, we fear that too often it will contain only the thin cake and the lean beef, or the homeopathic slice of bacon. And as the soldier's haversack, like General Harrison's door, was always open, or ready to open, to welcome any guest *inside*, so our editorial haversack has an open mouth to receive the rich contributions of our army friends.

We believe that for real, racy humor, the Southern soldier has never been surpassed. His cheerfulness and equanimity under hardship, trial, and suffering were beyond all praise. The amusing jest and the keen repartee could be heard on the hot, dusty march, amidst the pelting rain and the snow-storm, the roar of artillery and the rattling of musketry; nor hunger, nor fatigue, nor exposure, nor danger could repress fun in the bivouac, the road, or the battle-field. The Western troops were more rollicking and boisterous in their sport, and not so appreciative of quiet humor, as those from the four States which composed a portion of the old thirteen. But all were distinguished for calmness and self-possession when fortune seemed to be unpropitious, and for a disposition to enjoy themselves whatever fate might betide them. We believe that they will bear up grandly under calamity now, as they have always done before, and that they will cheerfully accommodate themselves to the new order of things, and be the most law-loving and law-abiding men to be found anywhere in this broad land. The men, who stuck to their colors to the last, are the noblest and the best the sun ever shone upon, and can be trusted to carry out honestly and honorably any obligations they may have taken upon themselves. Those who had too much principle to desert a cause because they saw that it was a failing one, have too much honor to violate a compact. They have seen enough of war to desire peace for its own sake, and they love their country too well not to seek to promote its happiness and prosperity. We can not rise to the height of doing justice to these pure patriots, but we hope to illustrate through these pages some of their remarkable characteristics.

Sydney Smith, the great English humorist, had a poor opinion of puns. "They are," says he, "in very bad repute, and so they ought to be. The wit of language is so miserably inferior to the wit of ideas, that it is very deservedly driven out of good company. Sometimes, indeed, a pun makes it appearance, which seems for a moment to redeem its species; but we must not be deceived by them; it is a radically bad race. By unremitting persecution, it has been at last got under and driven into cloisters—from whence it must never again be suffered to emerge into the light of the world." On another occasion he said "the punster ought to be executed without benefit of clergy." But, notwithstanding the dictum of this high authority, we have often enjoyed the puns of our soldiers, and think that our readers will relish them too. At any rate, we will try the experiment, and if not acceptable, we will exchange the wit of ideas, as found in the ranks, for the wit of words.

When Johnston's army lay around Smithfield, N. C., no flour could be obtained, and meal only in such small quantities that two corn-dodgers per man constituted the bread rations. Colonel R——, who had gained such an enviable reputation as the commander of the sharp-shooters of Sharps's brigade, was a rigid

disciplinarian, and determined to stop the practice, so common among the rebel soldiers, of yelling at citizens who passed by, especially if within the conscript age, and suspected of keeping out of the army for the same reason as Percy's fop—a mortal antipathy to "vile guns" and "villainous saltpetre."

One day a nice dapper young man, elegantly mounted and handsomely dressed, with a bell-crowned hat, rode by the fun-loving regiment, and was immediately greeted with the old cry, "Get out of that hat; we know you are thar; see your toes working under it," etc., etc. Colonel R—— immediately dashed up, crying "Stop that hallooing; it is coarse and ill-mannered; no well-bred gentleman would be guilty of it!" "I don't know, Colonel," replied a Mississippi boy, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "how you expect men to be well-bread on two corn-dodgers a day." The Colonel had no further remarks to make upon that interesting occasion.

The following pun, by an Irishman, we can not trace up, but as Colonel (now Governor) Humphries had a goodly number of the Irish persuasion in his regiment, we rather think that it was perpetrated by a broth of a boy of the old Twenty-first Mississippi, one of the very best bodies of men that ever drew trigger. If mistaken, we trust that His Excellency will excuse us for the sake of the merited tribute to the regiment he loved so well.

Throughout the war our bakeries did but little toward supplying that indispensable article, hard-tack, to the soldier; and his ration of flour was wetted, rolled on a stick, and thus cooked; or it was made into what housekeeper call *short-cake*, the army cake, however, having neither butter nor lard in it. On one occasion, when flour was very scarce, the Colonel passed by a group of Irishmen cooking their breakfast, and accosting one of them asked him what kind of bread he was making? "*Short-cake*, yer honor," replied Pat, holding up an infinitesimal portion, "any body with half an eye even can see that, and this is me day's ration, and the bloody commissary is riding about upon his fine horse, not thinking of the poor soldier at all, at all; long life to yer honor if you'll only let me give him a bit of a bating."

That accomplished scholar, gentleman, and soldier, the lamented General Garland, of Virginia, related to the writer a conversation which he overheard between an Irish prisoner, taken at the second Manassas, and a friend of his in the "ould country," but then serving in the Southern army. The rich counties around the field of battle had been desolated by General Pope's order. Not a chicken could be heard to crow or a pig to squeal for miles and miles. The seven or eight thousand United States prisoners were, therefore, of necessity badly fed, as shown by the following dialogue:

YANKEE PAT: "Dinnis, my boy, have ye ribils no pity upon a poor fellow. I've had nothing to ate to-day, and the sun most gone down. Faith, and you'll have a big score of sins to confess to the praist for such tratement."

REBEL DENNIS: "And is it for having nothing to ate to-day, you're after grumbling, Pat? In the Southern Confideracy we have one male a wake and three fights a day. And how are we to fade so many uv ye, when your Gineral has disolated the land? No, no, Pat, we'll not confess to the praist, we'll confess to the *Pope himself*."

Captain Joe G—— furnishes us with an illustration of North-Carolina gallantry. Soon after the battle of Gaines's Mill, he saw a captain of artillery brought through Petersburgh as a prisoner, and overheard a conversation between him and a friend, also a prisoner:

FRIEND: "Why, Captain, you here too! how were you taken?"

CAPTAIN: "Well, you see we were all lying down at our guns resting, when a North-Carolina regiment appeared in our front. I did not think

that they were fools enough to try to capture the battery; but presently a little tallow-greased Colonel stepped in front, and sung out through his nose, (imitating him,) 'Fix bayonets! charge bayonets!' and that was the way I was taken."

We opine that the indomitable Colonel would rather not have his name appear, as the hit at his personal pulchritude may be thought to more than counterbalance the compliment to his gallantry. We would, however, suggest for his comfort the thought that his gallant antagonist was not in the best condition coolly to take in and appreciate all his comely parts and graces of person.

This incident suggests another, which we will give as a tribute to the memory of one who breathed his last at the head of his regiment on the fatal field of Gettysburgh. At Malvern Hill a certain division drove the gunners away from a series of guns, but was too weak to hold its ground. The division commander, believing that a single additional regiment would enable him to hold the guns, rode to where he saw a body of men not under his command lying down awaiting orders, and briefly explained to them the state of things, and called for volunteers. A young man, with a chin as smooth as a girl's, stepped out and said: "I am here with a portion of the Twentieth North-Carolina regiment; *we all volunteer; we are ready to go anywhere and to perform any duty.*" That young man was Colonel Henry K. Burgwyn, and we feel confident that he expressed not merely the sentiment of his own heroic regiment, but of all the regiments then in service from his State. Colonel K—— was at that time a Lieutenant-Colonel, and his extreme youth was thought to be an objection to his promotion when a vacancy occurred. But upon this incident being mentioned to Mr. Davis, the promotion was made.

A South-Carolina officer furnishes a tribute to a North-Carolina soldier, which we must give in our own words, as his paper has unfortunately been misplaced.

At the first battle of Fredericksburgh, Ransom's North-Carolina brigade was ordered to reënforce Cobb at the celebrated *stone wall*, which Burnside, like Fremont and Shields, tried to capture, and with the same success. As soon as the brigade appeared, more than a division of the enemy opened a terrific fire upon it, and the batteries on the other side rained their shot and shell with the most deadly precision. The men were pushed with all rapidity to the precipice back of the wall, and then, without a moment's hesitation, they sprang down it to find shelter behind the wall. But a dignified mountaineer of the Twenty-fifth North-Carolina regiment (Rutledge's) refused to run at all, and walked forward with the most leisurely indifference. His hat blew off. He went back and picked it up. His knapsack, probably hit by a ball, fell off; he stooped down, readjusted it, and went on. He was now the solitary target for more than a thousand rifles; but this did not quicken his pace. When he reached the precipice, he determined not to risk the leap, preferring to slide down gently. He did slide down, but it was as a dead man he reached the bottom. He was buried that night, and there was not an inch of his body which was not pierced by a ball.

During the war, we heard General Robert Ransom speak in the most enthusiastic terms of an act of chivalrous gallantry on the part of a South-Carolina officer. As South-Carolina has gracefully complimented North-Carolina, it will be appropriate to reciprocate the courtesy. To prevent reënforcements from reaching the stone wall, which Burnside had selected as the point of attack, the hill above it was swept by thousands of rifles and numerous batteries of artillery. Kershaw's South-Carolina brigade was ordered to reënforce the troops at the wall, and had to cross over this terrific hill. An officer went forward to select the safest

route for them. He rode to the summit and took a deliberate survey. The firing of the enemy ceased. He raised his cap in acknowledgment, and rode off without having a shot fired at him. That officer was General J. B. Kershaw himself. Was the cessation of the fire accidental, or was it a compliment of the brave to the brave? Who can tell? But in that conspicuous position he could not have remained alive a single instant had the firing continued. There are still those living who will remember two similar instances during the Mexican war. A Mexican colonel of cavalry and a brevet brigadier ordered his regiment to charge the Second infantry the afternoon before the battle of Contreras. The regiment followed but a little way, and then halted. He looked round and seeing their cowardice, dashed on alone with sword in hand upon the very bayonets of the Second infantry. One or two shots were fired and the poor fellow fell, but the indignant cry of "Shame! shame!" ran along the ranks in rebuke of those who had fired. Again, when a private Mexican soldier had crawled up a ditch to within half a stone's throw of Riley's brigade, and then stood up in full view, not a gun was discharged. On the contrary, cheers and laughter greeted the brave man, and he walked off at a leisurely pace on the top of the bank of the ditch which had concealed his approach.

Oh! that the real hard fighters of both sides, excluding raiders, marauders and house-burners, were allowed to settle this "vexed question." The truly brave are always as generous as the cowardly are malignant and revengeful. General Sherman can not be charged with the sin of loving the Southern people, and yet he has left this decided testimony, which we commend "to all whom it may concern:"

"To push an army whose commander had so frankly and honestly confessed his inability to cope with me, were cowardly, and unworthy the brave men I commanded. . . . . We should not drive a people into anarchy, and *it is simply impossible for our military power to reach all the masses of this unhappy country.*"

Connected with the battle of Fredericksburgh is an anecdote, which shows the difference between true unpretending courage and the spurious article with its pompous assumptions. A general officer riding alone two days after the retreat of Burnside, stopped to warm at a fire where a group of Cobb's brigade, which had defended the stone wall, was lying down in all the listlessness of the *abandon* after a fight. The officer had on a common soldier's overcoat, and was welcomed as a cavalryman to the fire-side. A country lad, a farmer boy at home, gave him a graphic description of the fierce assault and terrible repulse, in his own simple style, ending his narrative with his ingenuous comments upon fighting in general. "I have hearn men say that they were spilin for a fight, but I never did spile for a fight. Stranger, I've been in every fight with my rigiment, but I never did likes fighting. But when we was killing them Yankees so purty behind that are wall and they wasn't hutting us, I was rale sorry to see 'em run. And I tell you, Mr. Stuart's man, that was the only time I ever did likes fighting." Mr. Stuart's man thanked him for his narrative, mounted and rode on, reflecting upon certain furious war-speeches he had heard from men whose warlike exploits in the field had not yet become the theme of poetry and of song.

In the second day's fight at Bentonville, Hoke's division was thrown back to meet a change of front by Sherman. A coast battery of little experience in the field was posted in an open field on the right, and supported by Walthall's division. The retirement of Hoke was soon discovered by the enemy, who came upon Kirkland while half of his men were engaged in constructing log breastworks. The battery on his right could

have afforded him instant relief by an enfilade fire. But as soon as the assault began, it opened a furious fire to the right where no enemy was visible. A general officer sent first one of his staff and then another to change the direction of its fire and at length had to go in person before the object was effected. The attack ceased almost immediately and of necessity, because the shot could rake the attacking columns from end to end. Later in the day, the attack was renewed farther to our left, and the battery begun to play farther to the right. The officer rode over, had the guns turned, and with the same result. He then expressed himself in the strongest terms of rebuke to the officers of the battery. One of Walthal's free and easy boys was listening to the scolding with the most intense satisfaction and then broke in with the comment: "I think, General, them artillery fellows are cross-eyed." The name *took* and it was the "cross-eyed battery" till the day of the surrender.

General Jubal A. Early was not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others. The rebel ranks used to be full of stories about him, three of which only can we give, and these not the best, but the most authentic. He was, it is well known, opposed originally to the secession movement, and fought it with all his might. But he took his stand with his State, and with all the determination of his iron will, seems resolved to be a Union man no more. We regret his decision, but wish that the choicest blessings of heaven may follow the lonely exile. Jackson's wing of the army was left about Winchester after the battle of Sharpsburgh to remove the sick and wounded and army supplies, while Longstreet's wing was thrown in front of McClellan to Culpeper Court-House. When the object was effected, Jackson began one of his rapid marches to rejoin Longstreet before McClellan would attack him alone. Now General Early had the famous Louisiana brigade in his division, and a good many other troops, who would not have voted for the Maine liquor law. The Marsanutten mountains were full of old peach and honey, and the men thought it would be a pity, almost a sin, to leave so much spoil to the enemy. Besides, they needed, or they thought they needed, something to support their strength on the forced march. General Jackson happened to ride in rear of this division that day, and he found the men scattered for miles along the road in every possible attitude, from dancing the polka to sprawling on the ground; in every possible mood, from "grave to gay, from lively to severe;" some fighting over their battles again, others of a more sentimental turn, weeping about the wives and children far away. General Jubal had expended his eloquence and his emphatic Saxon in vain. He had even spread the report that the mountain huts were full of small-pox, but this had only stimulated the curiosity of his prying followers. Conquered at last, he had gone to camp and was toasting his shins that frosty night by a bright fire, when an orderly rode up with a note. "Dispatch from General Jackson, General." He rose from his seat and fumbled for his spectacles. But let the correspondence tell its own tale:

HEADQUARTERS LEFT WING.

GENERAL: General Jackson desires to know why he saw so many of your stragglers in rear of your division to-day?

(Signed) A. S. PENDLETON,
A. A. G.

To Major-Gen. EARLY.

HEADQUARTERS EARLY'S DIVISION.

CAPTAIN: In answer to your note I would state that I think it probable that the reason why General Jackson *saw* so many of my stragglers on the march to-day is that he rode in rear of my division. Respectfully, J. A. EARLY,
Major-General.

Capt. A. S. PENDLETON,
A. A. G.

The word *saw* was duly underscored with the General's boldest dash. Contrary to general expectation, General Jackson only smiled and made

no further inquiries about the curious investigators, whom small-pox could not terrify. The General's forbearance may have been due to the great kindness he felt toward and confidence he always expressed in his gallant and indomitable subordinate. May the skies be bright over the head of the exile!

Before the battle of Fredericksburgh, Early's division and that of a friend were posted at Port Royal and vicinity. At sunset the day before, the troops were from fifteen to twenty-five miles from the city, but by marching that night, they were up in time for the fight next morning. The General's friend had received as a present a flask of old whisky, which he had resolved to give to the General, as that kind of liquor did not agree with himself. He informed the General of his intention, but the hurried night-march and the battle prevented him from fulfilling his promise. The night after the fight, he took out the flask, saw that the contents were all right and that the cork was tight and firm; then placing it under his head, he lay down on the bare ground and slept as the tired soldier only can sleep. The dawn found him on his feet and examining his flask. The cork was in place just as on the night before, but the inside was as dry as the sand in the desert of Sahara. The two officers met some hours after when the following conversation took place:

GENERAL E.: "Well, Burnside is gone, and I am thirsty."

FRIEND: "General, I am sorry to tell you that I put your flask under my head last night, and on looking at it this morning the cork was all right, but the whisky was all gone."

GENERAL E. (in his most saw-like tones:) "Jerusalem! were you drinking all night?"

FRIEND: "Ah! General, we are so apt to judge others by ourselves."

The ordnance department at Richmond used to furnish, *sometimes*, shot and shell constructed on the boomerang principle, admirably adapted to injure our own troops and to shoot round corners, but very harmless to masses of the enemy in front. We have always supposed that this was owing to the union sentiments of many of the employees. But however that may be, every artillery officer can testify to the boomerang qualities of the projectiles furnished.

Now it happened on a certain occasion that the General had received a lot of new projectiles and determined to test them. A battery was drawn out and a group of officers of superior rank to himself, Generals Lee, Longstreet, etc., posted themselves at right angles to it to observe the firing. The first shot turned over gracefully on its side and went hissing and sputtering close to the mounted men of rank. Not liking so broad a compliment, they modestly retired a few paces. The second shot, more obsequious in its attentions, gave a closer salutation. The captain of the battery now thought it high time to interfere.

CAPTAIN: "I think, General, that I had better discontinue the firing. The shells are utterly worthless."

GENERAL E. (eyeing the group of officers:)" *It looks like there might be promotion in them!* You may continue the firing, Captain."

At the beginning of the war, a middle-aged officer went to church with a young captain, formerly a pupil of his. The preacher began by saying that political sermons were unknown at the South, he himself had never preached any thing but "Christ and him crucified." The extraordinary occasion which had given him an audience of soldiers required him to change somewhat his plan, and he would therefore preach to his military friends upon the duty of patriotism, etc., etc. The address was eloquent and powerful, and the youthful captain wept freely. In the way returning, he said to his old friends, "I am ashamed of myself for crying, I could not help it, but one thing I do know, *I know that I can fight now.* That sermon has made my duty plain." That young officer went through all the grades up to major-general. In all

of them, the bravest of the brave looked upon his heroism with wonder. At one time riding boldly out to the skirmish-line, at another making daring reconnoissances; at Chancellorville, drilling his troops under fire as on a parade; at the Wilderness, checking and holding back with vastly inferior forces Hancock's corps flushed with victory; everywhere, he was conspicuous for daring, and showed a skill and judgment beyond his years. Did the sermon sustain him through all the fiery ordeals through which he passed? We know not, but we know that no one ever doubted the high and chivalrous qualities of General S. D. Ramseur of North-Carolina, who died the death of the soldier in the blood-stained valley of Virginia.

Every fact connected with the history of Stonewall Jackson is so eagerly sought after, not merely on this continent, but in the old world, that incidents trivial in themselves are acceptable when illustrative of his great character; and even the intrusion of the writer's own name is tolerated, provided that it is necessary and unavoidable. With this understanding of public sentiment, sketches will be given from time to time of *the* hero of the war, over the signature of "Y," by one who knew him well; and that these may be more graphic and familiar, our correspondent proposes to drop the formalism of the *we* of the writer for the more simple and natural *I* of the narrator actually present before us.

In the winter of 1846-7, the greater part of the regular troops of the U. S. army were taken from General Taylor, marched to the mouth of the Rio Grande, and shipped to Vera Cruz, the new base of operations selected by General Scott. While waiting there for shipping, I strolled over to the tent of Captain George Taylor, of the artillery, and as we were conversing, a young officer was seen approaching. "Do you know Lieutenant Jackson?" asked Captain Taylor, "he will make his mark in this war. I taught him at West-Point; he came there badly prepared, but was rising all the time, and if the course had been four years longer, he would have been graduated at the head of his class. He never gave up any thing, and never passed over any thing without understanding it." Lieutenant Jackson was rather reserved and reticent for a time, but soon proposed a walk on the beach, during which he became quite social. One remark he made is still most distinctly remembered. "I really envy you men who have been in action; we, who have just arrived, look upon you as quite veterans. *I would like to be in one battle.*" What a wish was this from one who was afterward in scores of battles, and every one a victory! His face lighted up and his eyes sparkled as he spoke, and the shy, hesitating manner gave way to the frank enthusiasm of the soldier. Some years after the Mexican war, a vacancy occurred in the chair of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the Virginia Military Institute. It was offered to Professor (afterward Lieutenant-General) A. P. Stewart, who declined. Colonel F. H. Smith, the superintendent, applied to the writer for the name of a suitable army officer to fill the chair. Captain Taylor's eulogy upon Lieutenant Jackson at once recurred to the mind, and he was recommended. There was a meeting of the Board of Visitors held in Richmond, and Mr. Carlisle of West-Virginia, a relative of Lieutenant Jackson, was present and cordially indorsed the recommendation given him. He was elected without any other testimonial than that given on the banks of the Rio Grande. Lieutenant Jackson resigned from the army and accepted the position tendered him. And thus a chance conversation on the utmost verge of Texas was the means of severing his connection with the U. S. Government, of transferring him to the valley of Virginia, and of identifying him with those stubborn fighters of Scotch-Irish descent, who first gave him reputation at Bull Run; and in turn had the lustre of his great fame shed over them, and are known, and ever will be known in history, as the immortal heroes of the Stonewall

Brigade. Had this conversation not taken place, how different might have been his career and his fate!

I saw but little more of him till after the fall of Chapultepec on the 13th September, 1848. Lieutenant Barnard E. Bee (who fell as General Bee at Manassas in 1861) and myself, with about forty soldiers, pursued the retreating Mexicans down the causeway leading to the Garita San Cosme. We had followed them half a mile or more, when Lieutenant Jackson came up with two pieces of artillery. The rest of the battery to which he belonged (Magruder's) had been disabled. Captain J. B. Magruder (afterwards Major-General) himself galloped up before we had proceeded much further, and expressed the fear that he would lose his guns with the slender support they had. Bee was urgent to push on, and we both promised to stand by his guns to the last. Captain M. then turned to his Lieutenant and asked: "What do you say, Jackson?" The answer was brief and to the point: "*Let us go on.*" Captain M. smiled, and moved forward. We soon saw an immense body of cavalry coming toward us, apparently with the design of charging the guns; but a few rapid and well-directed discharges drove them off. It afterward appeared that this body was commanded by Ampudia, and his official report naïvely stated that the head of the column being struck by round shot, the men refused to advance. We went no further until Worth came up with troops.

Lieutenant Jackson afterward, in speaking of the crippling of his battery by the fire from the Castle of Chapultepec, said that there was no shelter from its plunging effects, and that it was so deadly as to demoralize the men and cause them to run away from one piece, and that he could only get them to return by walking back and forward before the abandoned gun, to show them that a man might be there and yet live. "While walking thus," said he, "with long strides, a cannon-ball passed between my legs."

The expression above quoted, "Let us go on," was the key to his marvelous success. "I would not have succeeded against Banks," said he to the writer, "had I not pressed him from the moment I struck his out-posts at Front Royal. Soon after crossing the north fork of the Shenandoah, I found my cavalry halted and a formidable body of the enemy drawn up to receive them. I knew that delay would be fatal. I ordered a charge. They hesitated," here he paused, and at length added, "but they *did* charge and routed the enemy." (He himself led the charge, and hence his pause.) "I pressed them rapidly all night. They frequently halted and fought us for a time, but the darkness was too great to permit much execution on either side. But for the panic created by this rapid pursuit, I would have been beaten at Winchester. Banks is an able man, and his troops fought well, under the circumstances. His retreat was skillfully conducted. Had my cavalry done their duty, he would have been destroyed; but they fell to plundering and did not carry out my orders." And here he spoke freely of cavalry leaders. "Ashby never had his equal on a charge; but he never had his men in hand, and some of his most brilliant exploits were performed by himself and a handful of followers. He was too kind-hearted to be a disciplinarian. Jeb Stuart is my ideal of a cavalry leader, prompt, vigilant, and fearless." His fondness for Stuart was very great, and it was cordially reciprocated. Their meeting after a temporary absence was affectionate and brotherly in the extreme. No welcome was ever more joyous and hearty, than that given by the General to Stuart after his raid around McClellan's rear, a few weeks subsequent to the battle of Sharpsburgh. They both laughed heartily over a picture Stuart had picked up in Pennsylvania, headed, "Where is Stonewall Jackson?" McClellan, with the battles round Richmond fresh in his memory, was

represented pointing to his right, and saying, "He is there;" Halleck was pointing to the left; Pope straight to the front, while Stonewall, as a rough, ragged rebel soldier, had a bayonet within two inches of the rear of the illustrious General whose headquarters were in the saddle. "Well, Stuart, have you found your hat?" inquired the General. This was an allusion to the narrow escape from capture of the great cavalry leader, with the loss of that important article of head gear. Stuart laughingly replied: "No, not yet." The General laid aside his old valley suit, and appeared at the battle of Fredericksburgh in a magnificent uniform presented to him by Stuart. "Ah! General," said one of his impudent rebel boys, as he rode along the line, "you need not try to hide yourself in those clothes, we all know you too well for that." The love of the rank and file for him at that time was almost idolatrous, and it steadily increased till the close of his wonderful career. A more grandly impressive sight was never witnessed, than that of the greeting of his men, on that bright morning at Fredericksburgh, as he passed in his gay clothing on his fiery war steed. These hardy veterans, all of them ragged and many shoeless, sprang to their feet from their recumbent position and waved most enthusiastically their dingy hats or soiled caps; but refrained from their wonted cheers lest they should draw the fire of the enemy's artillery upon their beloved chief. The utmost love, admiration, and devotion beamed in their faces, and their eyes uttered a welcome, which needed no language to interpret. A few moments more and many of those bright faces were pallid in death, and many of those sparkling eyes were closed forever. Peace be to their ashes! They had followed him without questioning on his long, weary, and mysterious marches; and at his bidding, they now laid down their lives on what they conceived to be the field of duty and of honor.

It was well known that the noisy demonstrations, which the troops always made when the General appeared, were painfully embarrassing to him. This was usually attributed to his innate modesty; but that was not the sole cause. It had its origin in a higher source. In the last interview with him, he said: "The manner in which the press, the army, and the people seem to lean upon certain individuals fills me with alarm. They are forgetting God, in the instruments he has chosen. 'Tis positively frightful." Did this fear foreshadow his own sad fate at the hands of the men who almost adored him? "These newspapers make me ashamed," said that great soldier who holds the place second to Jackson in the hearts of the Southern people. What a lesson is here to flatterers! The one illustrious hero is frightened by, and the other is ashamed of the incense of their adulation. The Christian character of the former is shocked, and the delicate sensibility of the latter is wounded by that which baser minds prize so highly.

But the admiration for Jackson was by no means confined to his own section. The Federal prisoners always expressed a great desire to see him, and sometimes loudly cheered him. This was particularly the case at Harper's Ferry, where the whole line of eleven thousand prisoners greeted him with lusty shouts. Citizens say that the hostile troops always spoke of him in terms of unqualified praise. A gentleman in the valley of Virginia relates that when Fremont and Shields thought that they had entrapped him beyond the possibility of escape, Siegel's Dutch soldiers passed his house singing "Shackson in a shug," (jug,) "Shackson in a shug;" and when they returned crest-fallen from Port Republic, they answered his inquiry as to what they had done with Jackson, "Py tam, the shtopper come out of the shug, he gone, by tam; if the rebels don't make him de

President, Siegel's men make him." While he was making his stealthy march around Pope's rear, still as the breeze, but eventually dreadful as the storm, a Philadelphia paper remarked: "The prayerful partisan has not been heard from for a week, which bodes no good." It sent Pope to fight Indians in the far, far West, away from the pleasant haunts about Washington. "Where is Jackson?" I asked an Irish prisoner, who was astonished beyond measure to find a rebel grasp upon his shoulder. With the apt readiness of his people, he replied, "Faith, and that's jist the throuble all the time, sure." Per contra, another countryman of the Emerald Isle, taken in McClellan's retreat from Richmond, who had been curiously examining the commissary stores, expressed the utmost contempt for Jackson, as he reeled along,: "Ye're laughing now, boys, ye'll be after crying prisently; little Mac is as good a fighter as yer Stonemon Jockson, and be domned til him."

Connected with his famous retreat up the valley, an incident was received from the lips of Mr. H—— of Strasburgh, which will be given as near as recollected in his own words: "Jackson's troops were scattered down the valley at different points, some at Winchester, some at Harper's Ferry, etc., the most distant fifty-two miles from here, when Shields reached Front Royal, twelve miles to the east. Fremont, with a much larger force, had passed Wardensville, some thirty miles to the west. Jackson's forces and trains had all of necessity to pass through Strasburgh, where his antagonist expected to intercept him. Then commenced that famous retreat in which one brigade marched fifty-two miles in thirty-six hours. Shields could easily have cut them off, but although he had a large army, he did not deem it prudent to advance till he heard from Fremont. General Jackson staid one night at my house; before breakfast the next morning, it was reported that Fremont had passed through the defile in the mountain, and could reach this place that day. The General seemed much disturbed, and retired to his room. I went in several times to invite him to breakfast, and always found him on his knees. After the lapse of two hours, he came out with a radiant and smiling countenance, was animated, and even playful at breakfast, and then rode out to Colton Hill. Here he succeeded in checking Fremont's advance until his immense booty, his prisoners, his wagons, his ambulances, and his troops, except the stragglers, had all passed safely the dangerous point. A few of the stragglers were captured, but most of them took to the mountains, and as bushwhackers became the terror of the Federal army for many months. Fremont made my house his headquarters that night. He expressed a great desire to see Jackson; said that he longed for that honor, but feared Jackson would decline an interview. On his return from Port Republic, Fremont again stopped at my house. I asked him jocosely whether he had seen Jackson. He did not relish the joke, but got quite fretted at it."

The only error that may be in my recollection of this statement of Mr. H—— is in regard to the length of time the General was engaged in prayer. I think, however, that I have rather under-estimated it. Under the circumstances, this seems an extraordinarily long prayer; but Jackson was an extraordinary individual, and essentially a man of prayer. In a private conversation years before this famous retreat, he said that he always spent an hour on his knees at his devotions twice a day. While an officer at the Virginia Military Institute, and living in the barracks, lest he should be disturbed by the cadets in his religious exercises, he was accustomed to rise, like his Divine Master, a great while before day, and remain for hours alone with his God, while all around him were buried in sleep. On one occasion he remarked that he had been

surprised to find that his devotions that morning had occupied two hours. "When I have great freedom in my morning prayer," said he, "every thing goes well with me during the day, and it is always a day of peace and happiness; but if my prayer does not gush freely from the heart, and is cold, formal, and constrained, I expect nothing but trouble and annoyance." The length of this article requires the postponement of a fuller consideration of his religious character for the present.

Y.

THE BLACK RAM.

Æsop, or some other writer of fables, relates the following: In the Island of Crete there dwelt formerly a feeble but plucky little fellow, who owned a black ram, which he had reared with his family, and which was the pet of his children. It played with them, hauled them in a little wagon, and in a thousand ways showed its fondness for them. But three of the neighbors of the little man had long looked with an evil eye at his comfort and enjoyment, and came to him saying, We wish to sacrifice to our God, and have come for your black ram, which was born for nobler things than merely to contribute to your happiness. But the owner said: I and my children love the black ram, and are not willing to see him slain; besides, your God is not our God, why then should we make an oblation for you? *I will not give up my black ram.* And then he made so fierce an assault upon his three robust neighbors, that he intimidated them, and they sent a great way off and got four great hulking fellows to help them. And they put these bullies in the fore-front and they fell upon their weak neighbor, knocked him down and trampled him under foot. Those neighbors of the little man, who loved him and worshiped the same God, condemned his hot temper and rash impetuosity, and thought that a good pounding would make him a better citizen. So they stood quietly by while the four bullies were beating and the three neighbors were pushing them on from behind.

Now when the three neighbors saw that the little man could resist no longer, they took the places of the four bullies and beat away till they were wearied. Then they made a great feast and sacrificed the black ram to their God.

The orators of Crete celebrated the heroism of the three neighbors, the poets sang of their generosity in giving the black ram, which belonged to their neighbor, as a whole burnt-offering to their God, and the priests laid their hands upon the heads of these men and blessed them for their piety. But no man extolled the pluck of the poor little fellow lying bleeding in the dust.

Moral.—Never fight about a black ram, when the odds against you are seven to one.

D. H. H.

THE ORNAMENTAL FLOWERING TREES, SHRUBS, AND CREEPERS OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

THERE is something exquisitely beautiful in a group of *flowering trees.* Such a mass of bloom; such a wild prodigality of beauty! I have stood looking at a round-topped and gigantic pear-tree in full bloom with as much pleasure as a lover of landscapes would look at a fine cataract. In fact the pleasure is somewhat akin to that we experience in looking at a dashing waterfall. The snowy, *wreathy*, blossomy wilderness, with the bees humming over it, in delightful insect industry. I believe it is the Persians who have an annual "festival of the peach blossoms."

One of our most beautiful blooming trees is the

FRINGE-TREE, (*Chionanthus Virginica.*) Had it grown in Italy, France, or Spain, poets and artists would have celebrated its praises until its fame would have been world-wide. Its snowy fringe, like flowers, covers the tree with a soft and delicate beauty, like a bridal vail. It is a small tree, not more than fifteen or twenty feet high.

RED-BUD, (*Cercis Canadensis.*) The fringe-tree is a pure white; but the red-bud is a rich red, of the color so popular with fashionable ladies a few seasons ago, known as *Magenta.* (Cruel belles, to name their ribbons and silks after the ghastly stains of the battle-field!) The red-bud is a very striking object in the forests in the spring, and when transplanted into the lawn and pleasure-ground, greatly improves in beauty, developing into a fine graceful tree, and when the blooming season is past, it is still a handsome object.

DOGWOOD, (*Cornus Florida.*) Now I know many a rural swain, who has more poetry in his soul than he is aware of, and who really loves the beautiful without knowing it, would laugh at the idea of transplanting a despised dogwood into his yard; but after transplanting, he would love it and look at its wealth of pretty flowers with real gratification. Every one knows it too well to make a description needful.

TULIP-TREE, (*Liriodendron tulipifera.*) When old mother nature tried her "canny hand," at this tree, it proved to be "nae journey work." It is one of her master-pieces. Poor Downing used to become eloquent over it. "What can be more beautiful," said he, "than its trunk—finely proportioned and smooth as a Grecian column? what more artistic than its leaf—cut like an arabesque in a Moorish palace? what more clean and lustrous than its tufts of foliage—dark green, and rich as deepest emerald? what more lily-like and specious than its blossoms—golden and bronze-shaded? and what fairer and more queenly than its whole figure—stately and regal as that of Zenobia? For a park tree, to spread on every side, it is unrivaled, growing a hundred and thirty feet high, and spreading into the finest symmetry of outline. For a street tree, its columnar stem—beautiful either with or without branches—with a low head, or a high head—foliage over the second story or under it—is precisely what is most needed."

AMERICAN OLIVE, (*Olea Americana.*) This is a very fine evergreen, producing clusters of small white flowers, of delightful fragrance in April. It somewhat resembles the mock-orange, but is easily distinguished by the leaves being longer, thicker, and opposite instead of alternate. It is found generally along the sea-coast from Norfolk, Va., to Louisiana. It is peculiarly interesting on account of its being a genuine olive, and although its fruit is worthless, it might be used as a stock for grafting the European olive, that most valuable of all plants. And

now that the attention of so many persons is directed to developing the resources of the South, we would call attention to the introduction of that tree, which the ancients say was given by the gods to man, and which at the present day furnishes the butter and cream of all southern Europe. Numerous efforts have been made to introduce the European olive into the Southern States, with but partial success. I do not think, however, that the experiment of grafting it upon the native olive has yet been tried. There are some olive trees in Devonshire, England, which have grown in the open air, many years, and are seldom injured by frost; yet the summers are not warm enough there, to bring the fruit to perfection. Our summers are warmer; but our frosts are also severer. Still, I think as the native olive grows spontaneously as far north as Virginia, we might, by using it as a stock, succeed. Some one, with the energy of Nicholas Longworth might realize as large a fortune as he did. The olive is always *grafted* in Europe. Mr. Robert Chisholm of Beaufort, S. C., has a plantation of these trees, which he brought from the neighborhood of Florence in 1833. He says they bear good crops every year, occasionally abundant ones; while in Europe, the habit of almost every variety, is to bear only in alternate years. A French cook generally considers olive oil superior to either butter or lard for most of the purposes of cookery. When perfectly fresh and pure, no butter or cream can be more delicious. For frying, shortening, enriching sauces, and making an immense number of vegetable dishes palatable, it is unequaled. But I have digressed from the ornamental into the useful, for which I beg pardon. Without any irrelevancy, however, I might remind the reader of the beauty of landscape which is always found in a land of olive-yards and vine-yards.

These are a few of our splendid blooming trees, for a fuller knowledge of them, the reader is referred to Dr. Curtis's work on the trees of North-Carolina. I will not attempt the magnolias; they must have a chapter by themselves.

Now for a few of our flowering shrubs, in which our old State is so rich. Our friends across the water ridicule our want of taste, in sending abroad for the materials to stock our flower-gardens and shrubberies, and entirely ignoring the far more beautiful productions of our own forests and prairies. "And so," said a distinguished Belgian botanist to an American friend "in a country of azaleas, kalmias, rhododendrons, cypripediums, magnolias, and nyssas—the loveliest flowers, trees, and shrubs of temperate climates—you rarely put them in your gardens, but send over the water every year for thousands of English larches and Dutch hyacinths. *Voila le goût republicain.*" If one of our mountain farmers from Wautauga or Yancy could see his native laurels (*Rhododendron*) and "calico bushes," (*Kalmia,*) as he calls them, as they flourish in some of the great country-seats of England, he would attach a new importance to the luxuriant beauty, which he now passes unheeded or little cared for. There, whole acres of lawn, kept like velvet, are made the ground-work upon which these richest foliaged and gayest of flowering shrubs are embroidered.

Laurel, (*Rhododendron maximum.*) The flowers of this variety are an inch broad, growing in large and compact clusters, on the ends of the branches, and are generally of a faint, most exquisitely delicate rose-color. They repose among the rich, thick, dark-green, evergreen leaves, like Venus reposing upon her foam-wreathed bark of shell, (or any other beautiful thing that you choose to fancy.)

Oval-leaved Laurel, (—— *catawbiense.*) This splendid variety blossoms earlier than the former, has flowers of a deeper, richer tint, and shorter, broader leaves.

AZALEAS.

Smooth Honeysuckle, (*Azalea arborescens.*) This is the most fragrant of our honeysuckles. The flowers are white and roseate; but it is second in beauty to the

Yellow Honeysuckle, (*A. calendulacea.*) This is one of the most brilliant flowering shrubs known. The color varies much, but is generally some shade of yellow. It is only found at a considerable elevation on our mountains, and the clusters of flowers grow in such profusion on the hill-sides, that it reminds one of a prairie on fire. No one who has not seen it can form any conception of its splendid beauty. It grows from three to six feet high.

Purple Honeysuckle, (*A. nudiflora.*) Not equal to the two preceding; but still pretty.

Bursting Heart, (*Euonymus Americanus.*) The bright crimson berries of this plant, open their embossed covering into four leaves, and display within the smooth scarlet seeds, which gives it the name of bursting heart. The branches are as green as the leaves. Its beauty is peculiar, and it is quite popular in the mountain flower-gardens. Also called Indian arrow, and sometimes strawberry-tree.

Virginia Creeper, (*Ampelopsis quinquefolio.*) This is one of the few creepers we will now notice. It clings closely to wood and stone like the English ivy, and nothing can be more beautiful for covering the old gray walls of churches. It makes rich and graceful festoons of verdure in summer, and dies off in autumn in the finest crimson. It bears small dark blue berries, on bright crimson foot-stalks.

Trumpet Flower, (*Tecoma grandiflora.*) This variety has large, cup-shaped flowers, and is a most showy and magnificent climber, "absolutely glowing in July with its thousands of rich, orange-red blossoms, like clusters of bright goblets."

Virgin's Bower, (*Wistarea frutescens.*) Leaves pinnate, like those of the locust; flowers purplish blue, pea-shaped, in large compact clusters from four to six inches long.

Carolina Jessamine, (*Pelsemium sempervirens.*) One of the most graceful of evergreens, and gorgeous of blossoms. Deliciously fragrant at a distance; but too strong an odor when near. One of the most profuse of the many floral treasures of the land we love, for it is found from the dear Old Dominion to the Gulf.

ORCHARDS.

F. O. T., of Georgia, expresses things prettily—he talks of "Orchards jubilant and wide." Very jubilant and wide is the orchard of Colonel Buckner, four miles south of Milledgeville; in a hundred acres of poor land he has planted twelve thousand apple-trees. It is a poor apple-tree that will not produce three bushels of apples, and thirty-six thousand bushels of winter-apples barreled and sent to a city market, would, at a very low estimate in the South, give you thirty-six thousand dollars—a very nice income for a hundred acres. The Rev. Dr. C—— visited Colonel Buckner's orchard a few years ago, and thus describes it: "No orange grove of Italy is more beautiful than this orchard. Here are eight millions of apples, at least enough to furnish every man in General B.'s army a daily dumpling for dinner for six months to come. Between an apple-dumpling and a cotton-bale, a half-starved soldier would not be long in choosing; and this orchard would make a pyramid of apple-dumplings worth a Lookout Mountain of cotton bales. Cotton may be king, but the apple certainly merits a patent of nobility." Colonel

Buckner has thousands of trees of the Shockly variety; it is the best keeper at the South—may be barreled and sent to China. Colonel Hebron, of Warren county, Miss., has also an immense orchard, jubilant and wide. In 1859, his pear-trees alone covered a hundred acres, and were extending their borders every year; he had twenty acres in peach-trees. There are many other fine orchards in the country, but the cultivation of fruit has not become so general as it should be. It is the planter's own fault if he has not pears and apples from June to June. I hope the enterprising Colonel Buckner will next plant an orchard of nut-trees. The English walnut grows splendidly in this climate, and the pecan is a native. In Persia, where what we erroneously call the English walnut (*Juglans regia*) is the subject of careful cultivation; the trees are grafted when they are five years old. It is usually grafted there in the cleft method, and begins to fruit ordinarily two years after being grafted; but two or three years more elapse before it is in full bearing. The average annual number of nuts brought to maturity on a single tree often amounts to twenty-five thousand. After a few years of full bearing, the trees frequently fall off in producing fruit, and run with great luxuriance to leaf and branch. To remedy the evil, they cut off all the smaller branches and bring the tree to the state of a pollard. The year following, shoots and leaves alone are produced, which are succeeded the next year by an abundant crop of nuts. The shell-bark hickory nut is one of the most delicious of nuts, and it is a mistake to suppose that these large nut-trees, above referred to, can not be grafted; but the grafting must be done *very early* in spring. The chestnut can also be grafted, if done very early. There is a fine pecan (*Carya olivæformis,*) growing in the Capitol grounds in Washington City, and it bears nuts equal to those brought from the south-west. On good soil it will come into bearing in twelve or fifteen years. The filbert is also a good nut, and as easily cultivated as a raspberry bush. A Georgia Peach, of a poetical turn, gives instructions in the art of planting, and we give place to the rotund orator, in his jacket of crimson and gold:

Take it up tenderly,
Plant it with care;
It's but a little tree,
Nothing to spare!
Scant are the limbs on't,
Fibres but few,
Take care, or *it* won't
Take care of *you!*

Mangle the bark of it!—
Man with a soul!
Pestle the roots of it
Into a hole!
Oh! for the shame of it!
Better be dead,
Fruit to the name of it!
Nary a Red!

Take it up tenderly,
Man with a soul!
Oh! but a little tree
Likes a *big* hole!
Fair is the sight of it,
Lordly and bold!
Fruit on the limbs of it
Crimson and gold!

Who'd be a market-man
Selling his fruit,
Gum in his eye and
A worm at his root?
Down with the raw-bone
Shriveled and dry!
Juice for my jaw-bone!
Joy for my eye!

Basket on basketful,
Peach upon peach!
Juno-like, beautiful!
Rosy and rich!
Choose for the good of you,
Orchardists, each!
Dollar *a load* of you,
Dollar a

PEACH.